A CARD.

GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.—W. Fuller respectfully informs his friends, pupils, and the public, that he has been induced to fit up the upper story of front building No 29 Ann Street, as a branch of 205 Greene Street.

Fencing and Sparring taught at both establishments. [o21-3t]

DUBUFE'S PAINTINGS.

NOW OPEN FOR EXHIBITION, at the LATE WASHINGTON DIVAN, No. 337 Broadway, two magnificent Paintings, just arrived from Paris) by the celebrated *Dubufe*, the painter of the much admired pictures of *Adam and Eve*, and a distinguished pupil of *David*, whose modern style bids fair to rival the renowned ancient Artists. To the admirers of the Fine Arts these paintings offer a treat not surpassed by any thing which has before been exhibited in this country.

One of the paintings, covering 175 feet of canvass, represents a thrilling scene, from Byron's Don Juan, (9th Canto 57th Stanza,) between JUAN, HAIDEE and LAMBRO; and the various passions with which they are agitated, allowing full scope to the pencil of a Master, are most vividly depicted.

The other of smaller dimensions, although nearly as large as life represents S. JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS sipping the pure streaut gushing from a rock, is in the true style of DAVID, and a most finished painting.

Hours of exhibition from 9 in the morning until 10 at night. Admittance 25 cents. Season Tickets 50 cents.

TRENTON (N. J.) RACES—EAGLE COURSE.

THE Fall meeting will commence on the second Tuesday, 14th Nov. inst, and continue three days.

First Day, at one o'clock—A Purse of $250, Two mile heats.

Second Day, at one o'clock—A Purse of $400, Three mile heats. Also, the same day, a Purse of $100, Mile heat.

Third Day, at one o'clock—Citizens' Purse $600, Four mile heats. Several Sweepstakes will also come off, of which further particulars will soon be given.

Entries for all purses must be made at the Pavilion on the day previous to each race, by 3 o'clock P. M., describing the name and age of the horse, and the dress of the rider.

On each day of the races an extra line of cars will leave the Philadelphia Rail Road Depot at half past 2 o'clock A. M., and land passengers at the Eagle Hotel in time for the races. Returning they will leave the Eagle Hotel at 5 o'clock P. M. Fare for the excursion, $1.50

A list of the horses that are entered for each purse will be published in the Pennsylvanian, and Public Ledger, Philadelphia, on the morning of each race. Should the weather prove cold, all the apartments at the course will be furnished with good fires during the meeting.

As an unusual number of horses is expected, those that have not procured stables would do well to make early application to the subscriber, at the Eagle Hotel.

Trenton, N. J., Oct. 16, 1837. [o14] O. BAILEY, Secretary.

VALUABLE BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following Brood Mares and Colts, belonging to the estate of the late JOHN C. CRAIG, Esq., are to be sold at the Camden, N. J. Race Course, on Thursday morning, the 26th instant, a half past 10 o'clock. Terms made known at sale.

1 Imp. mare Ireland. For pedigree see Turf Register.
2 Her two last colts by Sharp.
3 Fairy, ch. m., by Hetzel, dam by Diomed. Also her colt by a Medley horse.
4 B. f., 2 yrs. old, by Nullifier, out of Fairy; Nullifier was by American Eclipse, out of Mr. F. Corbin's celebrated mare Rosanna, the dam of Star, &c. &c.
5 Betsey, aged mare, by Eclipse.
6 Bay Colt, 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Betsey Archy.
7 Bay Colt, 18 months, by Sharp, out of Fair Rachael, a grey mare, and celebrated four mile horse Dream, dam by Gohanna; grandam by Quicksilver. Dolly was by Old Diomed.

Philadelphia, Oct. 16, 1837. [o14] E. C. BIDDLE, 215 Spruce street.

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

THE club boat FAIRY, 28 feet long, with oars, cushions, &c. &c., complete, is offered for sale. She is the fastest boat of her length in New York, having beaten the *American* and won the great match on the 21st inst. against the *Brooklyn*, for $100 a-side. Apply to

(o14-3t) PHILIP BRASHER, 55 Pine-street.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

The Largest and Cheapest Publication in the United States.

NOW PUBLISHING IN MONTHLY NUMBERS,

EDITED BY WILLIAM E. BURTON, PHILADELPHIA.

THE proprietors have much pleasure in announcing to the reading public the complete success which has attended the establishment of this Magazine—a success far beyond their utmost expectations, and considerably exceeding the prosperity of any other publication in America. The daily increasing subscription list, and the numerous commendatory notices of the Press, attest the merits and the popularity of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, each number of which contains more *Original Matter than any other Monthly Publication in the United States*.

The Contents embrace a fertile range of Amusing and Instructive Subjects, by authors of celebrity:—

Original Tales of Powerful Interest;
Humorous and Graphic Delineations of Men and Manners.
Novel Sketches of Foreign Lands; Poetry; Characteristic Studies; Essays on Popular Subjects, and Biographical Notices of Celebrated or Eccentric Persons: with many Original Anecdotes.

The Lives of Paganini (with likenesses); Prince Pückler Muskau; Dickens, (Boz), the author of the Pickwick Papers, with a likeness; Dr. John Faust, the Sorcerer; The Duchess of St. Albans, and Zingha, the Negro Queen, have already been given.

The New Publications are reviewed in full; liberal extracts are made from rare and valuable works—presenting a complete account of the Popular *Literature of the Day*.

An Original Copyright Song, not otherwise to be obtained, will be given with the Music every Number.

The Gentleman's Magazine contains Seventy-two extra-sized Octavo Pages, of two columns each, forming at the close of the year, *Two Large Volumes of One Thousand Seven Hundred and Twenty-eight Continuous-reading Columns—more than an Octavo Page of average proportion, and each Monthly Number has more reading matter than a Volume of a Novel*. The work is neatly printed on good paper, and stitched in a neat colored cover. Several Engravings will be given in the course of the year, and the proprietors pledge themselves to produce an agreeable book—an epitome of Life's adjunctives—a Literary Melange, possessing variety to suit all palates, and sufficient interest to command a place upon the parlor table of every Gentleman in the United States.

An Engraved Title Page, of superior production, embracing every possible variety of Pictorial Display, and executed in the first style of art, by J. A. Adams, of New York, accompanies the October Number.

TERMS

Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance.

To induce subscribers to forward their names immediately, the publisher begs leave to offer the following extra inducements for Clubbing, the advantages of which proposition can only remain in force till Christmas next. The subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine will, for a single copy, be invariably Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance—but a Five Dollar Bill will produce Two Copies to the same direction, or a Club of Ten Dollars will command Five Copies. [o14]

COLUMBUS (Miss.) JOCKEY CLUB FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races over the Hyde Park Course, will come off on the 16th Oct., with the following Purses:—

First Day—Sweepstake for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old last Spring, Mile heats, $200, entrance, h. f.; 3 or more to make a race, and close 10th Oct. Entries made by address to Proprietors, at Columbus, Miss.

Second Day—Sportsman's Purse $.50 entrance, p. p. Two mile heats; two or more to make a race; to use first day of the races, and free for all ages.

Third Day—Purse $200, Three mile heats, free for all ages; ent. $25.

Fourth Day—Purse $150, Four mile heats, free for all ages; ent. $20.

Fifth Day—Proprietor's Purse $300, best 3 in 5; free for all ages; ent. $15.

This is now one of the handsomest and best improved Courses in the South. Racers travelling south to Mobile and New Orleans will find it both convenient and to their interests to come by this way, as the time of the races here will allow them to take either the Alabama or Mississippi route to Mobile and New Orleans, and run at all intermediate places. Race horses will be accommodated with stabling and litter gratis, by the

Columbus, Miss., Aug. 15, 1837. THE PROPRIETORS.

JOHN GILBERT

BEGS to inform his friends and the public that he has commenced the Commission Business in the City of New York. Liberal advances will be made on Cotton and all other articles of produce consigned to him. He will also purchase merchandise for country merchants on order, at 2½ per cent commission, and exercise his best judgment and taste in the selection of goods.

From a long experience in mercantile pursuits, having attended to a general business in one of the Southern States for many years, and the last five years in this city, he hopes to receive a liberal patronage. The utmost despatch and an unflinching adherence to instructions will be strictly observed.

Office No. 156 Pearl-street, New York. [s16-4t]

GREENSBORO' (Ala.,) J. C. RACES.

OVER THE HENRY COURSE, will commence on the 5th Tuesday, 31st day of October next.

First Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, ent. $100, h. ft.: Mile heats: 3 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st September, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

A. Webster. Saml. H. Early. N. B. Starke. Wm. M. Inge.

Second Day—Proprietor's Purse, $300: free for all ages: ent. $20. Two Mile heats.

Same Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, ent. $200, h. ft.: Two Mile heats: 3 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st September, 1837. Now one Subscriber—Wm. M. Inge.

Third Day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000; ent. $50; $200 to be awarded to the second best horse in the race, provided he saves his distance. Four Mile heats.

Fourth Day—A Post-stake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies; ent. $200, p. p.: Two Mile heats: now one Subscriber—Wm. A. Verrell.

Same Day—A Sweepstake, free for all ages (weights for age), ent. $200, p. p.: Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Wm. H. Leland. Early & Amis. N. B. Starke. Jno. B. Jones. Wm. M. Inge.

Fifth Day—A Sweepstake for 4 yr. olds: ent. $500, p. p. Two Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Wm. A. Verrell. N. B. Starke. Edw. Johnson. Levin Gale.

Any communication addressed to either of the Proprietors, Greensboro', will be attended to. H. A. TAYLOE.
J. C. BRANCH.

Greensboro', Ala., June 23d, 1837. [Jy15] ROBT. BEVERLEY.

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

THE following Stakes are to be run over the Mulberry Course, near Fredericksburgh, Fall meeting, 1837, to commence the 4th Tuesday in Oct.

A Post Stake for 3 yr olds, Two mile heats; sub. $150. To close the evening preceding the 1st day's race.

A Post Stake free for all ages, Two mile heats; sub. $400. To close 1st Oct.

A Produce Stake for colts and fillies foaled Spring, 1838, to run Spring, 1841, then 3 years old; Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 10 subs.

Lynchburg, July 5, 1837. [J15-11s] J. H. OLIVER, *Proprietor*.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 1st of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a New Series, that was commenced on the 30th Feb., 1836. The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers. Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance	$5 00
For Six Months Subscription, in advance	2 50

The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed:—

For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *in the paper*	$1 00
For Ditto Ditto, each subsequent insertion, *ditto*,	1 00

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

E. L. GARVIN, Printer.

Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1837. VOL. VII. No. 37.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The dam of the fine Medley colt (named *Chantry*) advertised for sale in this paper, was *Amanda Duroc*; she was by Duroc, the sire of Eclipse, her dam by Sir Solomon, grandam the Imp. mare Trumpetta, got by Trumpator in England—Highflyer—Eclipse—Young Cade, etc. See English Stud Book, under head of Highflyer and Sister to Lumbinos. Amanda Duroc has two other colts, both bays, by Alhambra, a son of John Richards, bred by the late BELA BADGER, Esq. The whole lot, including the mare, are for sale. Apply to the Editor of this paper.

We received at a late hour a report of the *Franklin* (Tenn.) *Races*—too late for this week. *O'Connell* beat Harkaway the Two mile day, and *Victoria* the Queen of Diamonds, the Three mile day. Beach's b. c. by Malcom, out of a Whip mare, won the Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, beating three others.

Another report from the Secretary, with a description of the recent meeting of the Oakland Association at Louisville, Ky., has reached us, and will find a place forthwith.

CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* AMERICAN WINNING HORSES, FOUR MILE HEATS, during the year 1836—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc., and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence*.

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses*, THREE *Mile Heats*, with a great variety of Sporting and Theatrical Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Bascombe*, *Post Boy*, *Mingo*, *Rodolph*, and *Linnet*, with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—(consisting of 123 of the most distinguished)—with several communications from Breeders and Turfmen in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1836, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

The *Sixth* number (April 15th) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses, Two Mile Heats*.

The *Twentieth* number (July 1), contained an Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses* of 1836, at *Mile Heats*, with a variety of Statistics of the Turf.

☞ Back numbers from the commencement of the present volume, will be furnished to new subscribers if desired. Files will also be preserved at the office for binding, at the expiration of the year, for such gentlemen as wish it.

Things Theatrical.

As pretty much all the *city* readers of the Spirit of the Times have already taken tickets for the benefit of poor Woodworth, we have only to beg of them to suggest the matter to their friends. Of course the house won't hold half of them, but they can purchase as many tickets as they please.

Madame CARADORI ALLAN makes her debut on Monday next at the Park as *Rosina*, in the Barber of Seville.

Miss CLIFTON succeeds Caradori Allan, and will produce her new comedy, which WILLIS is now completing expressly for her. In the interim she plays limited engagements at Philadelphia and Baltimore, having returned to town from Albany on Thursday.

The houses at the National are improving. We hear HAMBLIN is shortly to play an engagement. Every one will be glad to hear of WALLACK'S brightening prospects, and none more so than ourselves.

FINN is playing with great effect at the Olympic. He does not go South this season.

CAUSE AND EFFECT AT THE NATIONAL.—During WALLACK'S brilliant performance in the character of "*the Scholar*," in the new play of that name, last Thursday, a most singular accident occurred. A large portion of the ceiling over one of the dress boxes became disengaged from the laths, and fell with a tremendous crash upon the heads of those beneath, bearing away bonnets, curls and combs, with no small portion of hair, from the heads of such as had any redundancy of this natural ornament. In a moment there was a rush for the door, and the whole house in an uproar; for what had happened no one exactly knew save the recipients of this windfall. Wallack, then alone on the stage, sprang to the lights and begged the audience not to feel alarmed, assuring them that it was nothing more than an evidence of a little bad masonry. Quiet resumed her sway, and the house was put into good humor by some half dozen apposite witticisms of the ready manager.

Twenty minutes after the occurrence *the Crow* croaked his song, and fairly brought down the house in three or four impromptu stanzas touching the accident, in a vein of drollery and humor we never saw surpassed. The Crow is a wit, and we always said it. This is in fact the reason he so utterly distances all his imitators. They want that prompt intellect which enables him on the instant to convert into doggerel the event of the moment, and thus give an unlimited variety and zest to his unique performances. Our memory is not the most retentive, yet we will venture to attempt the repetition of what the Crow turned off at his ease.

Wallack is a kind man,
And he is now my master,
He can "*the scholar*" play so well
That he brings down the plaster.

And when the house roared so,
And the gemmen would not sit,
I thought our merry manager
Had jumped into the pit.

Gemmen, whose shins are broken,
And Ladies, to mend disasters,
Must, like our country's currency,
Make use of the shin plasters.

When next to this house you come,
My much approved good masters,
The Crow, he will sing again,
But nothing 'bout the plasters.

Mr. and Mrs. BAUNTON, late of the Chesnut-street theatre, Philadelphia, left that city on Saturday last, to fulfil an engagement at the Mobile and St. Louis theatres.

Mr. WILLIAMSON, of the Boston theatres, who was engaged expressly to produce the new *Spectacle* at the Bowery, and who has done so in a style that would reflect credit upon even BARRYMORE or HAMBLIN, is unnoticed in the bills, and "one Mr. Dinneford," as Draper called him, "goes halting off" with the credit of getting up the piece. As Mr. Williamson is "a stranger," the Bowery management has fulfilled the scriptural injunction, and "taken him in!"

THE WOODWORTH BENEFIT.

The committee entrusted with the management of the Benefit of Mr. Samuel Woodworth, respectfully give notice that Tuesday the 31st inst. has been fixed upon for that purpose, and it will be given at the NATIONAL THEATRE.

To those who know Mr. Woodworth personally, it will be unnecessary to speak of his claims upon the sympathy of his fellow citizens. His talents have uniformly been volunteered through life whenever he could render services to the suffering; and though he himself would not have even recollected this, many who have been themselves aided by his genius, now feel it due to him that the spirit of kindness for which he has ever been conspicuous, should be recollected by others to his advantage.

Even to those of our countrymen who do not know Mr. Woodworth personally, it will be scarcely required to mention that he has especial claims upon their consideration as a patriot. During the struggles of our country in the late war with England, his peculiar weapon, the pen, was most indefatigably and most successfully wielded for the encouragement of that high sense of national honor and that determined devotedness of fortune and of life to the preservation of an national independence, which should ever be the proudest boast of the true American. In this he maintained the principles of his father, a soldier in our revolution, whose best years and pecuniary resources were exhausted in supporting our contest for the liberty and greatness in which we are now rejoicing.

A Theatrical Benefit has been chosen as a peculiarly appropriate mode of showing respect for Mr. Woodworth, because he has produced many theatrical pieces, which, from the want of legal protection to the rights of dramatic authors in our country, have hitherto been denied any adequate and permanent return to him from the sphere in which they have succeeded, but which can now receive from the public what the state of the copyright law has denied from their frequent repetitions for the advantage of individuals.

The objects of the committee have been most promptly and nobly seconded by the ladies and gentlemen connected with the Theatres. The committee are happy to announce that the benefit in question will be supported by a combination of talent rarely seen in any single exhibition upon the stage; and if persons there can be who look to the present occasion with other motives than those of honoring genius, worth, and patriotism, and sustaining the father of a numerous family amid pecuniary destitution, and bodily helplessness, through the most appalling of inflictions, even such will find an unequalled attraction in performances not to be enjoyed at any price, upon any occasion but this most interesting one to all who value the purest impulses of the human heart and our most legitimate incentives to liberality, not only as a citizen of the world, but of its greatest and its best republic, which has so often proved itself an exception to all former ones, in refusing to be ungrateful.

Aaron Clark	P. V. Hoffman	Ebnr. Jessup
Philip Hone	George Jones	Timothy Dewey
Fitz Greene Halleck	Henry Hinsdale	Jas. Hamilton
Charles A. Davis	Charles Lanman	Thos. C. Chardavoyne
Charles W. Sandford	Joseph Barber	John Horspool
George P. Morris	T. West	E. T. Backhouse
William P. Hallet	A. S. Chittenden	William Adams
Solyman Brown	R. Crooks	John Harlow
Samuel L. Knapp	Silas Bronson	Benjamin Gurnee
M. M. Noah	H. H. Brayton	E. D. Pimpton
James Brooks	F. S. Waddell	James Van Norden
E. Parmly	N. W. Chittenden	John D. Perry
H. Greeley	Alfred Colvill	William Wilson
C. F. Daniels	Alwyn Bogart	Isaac Brown
A. Chandler	Samuel J. Burr	R. Adams Locke
Grenville Mellen	J. C. Ashley	Henry Inman
John Inman	G. W. Atwood	Daniel E. Delavan
James Watson Webb	James H. Van Alen	Jonas B. Phillips
Wm. T. Porter	A. W. Brown	James T. Brady
Thurlow Weed	F. Boyden	B. B. Edwards
C. W. Dayton	Wm. E. Johnson	Charles P. Clinch
S. Jenks Smith	Robert Smith	James Flanagan
J. N. Reynolds	James Conner	Jacob Cram
Alexander G. Anderson	Selah Van Duzer	O. M. Lowndes
Robert Emmet	P. S. Townsend	John I. Morgan
Philo T. Ruggles	George D. Strong	Robert L. Smith
Amos Palmer	A. A. Locke	C. B. Moore
James G. Brooks	Seneca Stewart	C. G. Havens
Barnabas Bates	Henry Laverty	N. Dean
Joseph C. Hart	Freeman Hunt	Charles Graham
N. Dana Ellingwood	James M. Church	C. F. Hoffman
N. P. Willis	Dudley Persse	Henry Arcularius
W. C. Bryant	Philip S. Crooke	James J. M. Valentine
Richard Riker	Anson H. Center	William Turner
Rufus Dawes	Emanuel B. Hart	Jeremiah Towle
John R. Marshall	John S. Bartlett	John Jay Adams
Rufus Prime	Alfred A. Barnes	Alfred M. Ryder
Peter Gassner	E. P. Farmer	Monmouth B. Hart
J. K. Paulding	John W. Walker	Benjamin F. Hart
John M'Keon	P. H. Hodges	Abraham B. Vanderpool
Charles De Behr	Wm. M. Price	George C. De Kay
George S. Doughty	Alexander M. Wilson	Charles H. Delavan
Noah Scranton	Charles Turell	Clarkson Crolius, Jr.
George Long	E. F. Aldrich	Lorenzo L. Daponte
John Keese	William E. Dean	James A. Smith
Daniel Jackson	T. B. Wakeman	

It is expected that each member of the committee will purchase at least *two tickets*, [for himself, and half a dozen more for his friends.—Ed. Spirit of the Times.]

☞ The box book is now open at the office of the New York Mirror, where tickets may be had and seats secured.

☞ [The price for tickets is $2 each, but "*seeing it's you*," we will supply any number at $5 each, "and no questions asked!" at 157 Broadway;—that will be $1 to see the play, $1 to see all the beauty and fashion of the town, and $3 for Woodworth. How many will *you* take, Sir? Did you say three?]

BOSTON THEATRICALS.

Extracts from a letter to the Editor dated BOSTON, Oct. 17, 1837.

The Tremont theatre was crowded from pit to gallery last night, on the occasion of Mr. FORREST'S first appearance. The great actor was most enthusiastically greeted, and the applause continued for several minutes, amid the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. He played the arduous character of *Othello* in a style which has not been equalled since the days of the elder KEAN, and this was allowed by the old critics at the fall of the curtain. To see Othello well enacted, is a luxury which I seldom enjoy; but on this occasion I was bound down heart and eyes, and the effect of the whole performance will long live in my remembrance. The great objection raised against Mr. Forrest in Shakspeare, prior to his visit to England, was the lack of refinement: his physical powers were supposed to predominate over his mental, and on this belief, *Spartacus*, *Metamora*, *Damon*, &c., were alone set down as characters deserving his attention. But the judicious portion of the critical world have discovered that Mr. Forrest is not so much indebted to the bounty of nature as they have imagined, but owes to erudition the establishment of that pre-eminence which has been exclusively assigned to the incidental properties of person and voice. The faults of which I have heard recently are a false modulation of voice, and a lack of feeling, and those who have grounded objections on these trifles, have also laid to his account every case of false emphasis, some of which are mere matters of taste, and others inadvertencies which no actor or actress, from the first foundation of the English stage down to the present time, have ever been free from. In short, they expect to find that degree of perfection in Mr. Forrest which no one actor, either past, present, or future, will ever possess.

I am willing to allow that Mr. Forrest has faults in voice, modulation, and sometimes emphasis, that he occasionally passes from one extreme to the other too rapidly, in pourtraying the two great features of the Moor—love and jealousy; but those who cavil upon these points are too apt to forget or lose the marked beauties of the sublimer portions, or even to mar the effect which the whole piece would have upon their souls, could they but divest it from that foolish propensity of butterfly dissection, or fault-finding.

In the first act, Mr. Forrest gave the true character of Othello: he was bold, fiery, magnanimous, artless and credulous—boundless in his confidence, and ardent in his affection; he pourtrayed beautifully all the glowing variety of the character. In the address to the Senate, Mr. F. substituted an eminent beauty of delineation,—he gave it with the most expressive traits of modesty, without departing from the severity of declamation. Mr. F.'s clear and swelling volume of intonation had a fine scope for its exercise in the third act, where Iago first fires him with jealousy, and in the metaphor, "If I do prove her haggard," &c.; also, "I'd rather be a toad," etc., and in one or two other points, in which he could exercise the full volume of his voice, the applause was deafening. His soliloquy, "Had it pleased Heaven," &c., was beautiful and expressive, and spoke from his inmost heart, and in the subdued passages generally, Mr. Forrest rose above cavil. In the bed-chamber scene, Mr. F. gave the admonitions to Desdemona with affecting solemnity. On the whole, I have never seen the character since the days of Kean marked with more studious correctness, or brighter excellence.

The principal attraction at the National theatre for the last three weeks has been the *Gnome King*, which for gorgeousness of scenery, excels anything I have ever seen. The stage arrangements in every respect are perfect, and reflect great credit on the talents and skill of Mr. W. H. SMITH, under whose immediate direction the piece was got up. Mr. Smith is what I term a working man; for in getting up pieces he is particular that the most trifling points which have the least tendency to make the *tout ensemble* perfect, shall come under his eye. All the details of the Gnome King harmonize beautifully with the character of the piece, and everything which has the least tendency to deface its splendor, or detract from its general effect, have been avoided. Mrs. ANDERSON is continually adding fresh laurels to her wreath, by her admirable personations. She is indeed an actress of rich talent. Yours truly, W. E.

P.S. Mr. Forrest's second appearance was in *Lear*, which was altogether superior to his Othello; it was indeed a triumphant burst of genius. The curse on Goneril was tremendous, and was followed by four distinct rounds of applause.

THEATRICALS IN ST. LOUIS.

Extracts from a letter to the Editor dated ST. LOUIS, (Mo.) Oct. 11, 1837.

Our splendid theatre in the "far West" has been well patronised, the managers having kept up a continual succession of attraction. The *stars* have not been received with so much favor as formerly. The truth is this: if the managers expect to make money with stars, they must not employ so good a stock company.

Mrs. BAILY (late Miss Watson, as the bills have it,) and Mr. *Cramer* PLUMER (as the bills formerly had it,) have been playing an engagement during the Race week. Mr. P. was *hoarse*, and Mrs. B. was *very much* "as women wish to be who love their lords." The engagement was a failure, and Mr. B. was so vexed that he forthwith published his account current with the managers, by which it appears the lady was *not very attractive*, as her share of the receipts amounted to something less than two hundred dollars! You will say this is not a fit subject to bring before the public; that's just what I say, and what the public say here; but you must consider Mr. B. is *new in the profession*, and ought to be excused. He even went so far as to endeavor to get up an excitement, and *force* the managers to engage his wife (who, as an editor remarked, "is more fit for the *nursery* than the stage,") for the character of Cinderella. The managers, deeming their own large company fully competent to perform the Opera, which had been in preparation some months, and taking upon themselves the responsibility of arranging their own business, cast Miss PETRIE for the part, and notwithstanding the unwearied exertions of the industrious *gentleman* to convince the public, through the newspapers, that she was unfit for the character, added to the threat of a *row* on the occasion, the Opera has been produced, and is now performing with immense success. The "excitement" Mr. B. attempted to raise went the wrong way—it was no go, and I understand the *industrious* gentleman has left the city in despair. By the way, Mrs. B. *is* a most delightful singer, and if she will visit us in a less "questionable shape," we will be delighted to exchange our Missouri notes for her's. No one blames the lady, but it has been shrewdly remarked by many that it would be a manly part in the *gentleman* to cease to be a "pensioner" for a time, and himself furnish some of the "ways and means" for a month or two, until she is able to resume her professional labors for their mutual support.

A new play has been produced here with great success, entitled "*East and South*," written by the senior partner in the management, N. M. LUDLOW, Esq., and another, said to be from the pen of one of the FIELDS, is in rehearsal, called the "*Partizan*."

The season is to close in a week or two, when the company move southwardly to Mobile.

I believe I have answered all your enquiries respecting the theatricals, and with the expression of the hope that Mr. KENDALL will make some speedy arrangement by which we may receive your paper at least once in a month, I remain, &c.

"THE GROTTO."—This is the name of a very snug house, lately opened by EDWARD RILEY, in Cedar-street, near Greenwich. Edward was formerly assistant to ETANS of the *Shades*, and by his attention and civility gained many friends. We recommend the many good things he has always on hand, such as mutton chops, poached eggs, kidneys, Welsh rabbits, and a good glass of ale.—The offer of such cheer, will, we hope, insure him plenty of customers. May all success attend him!

The Hon. Mr. Norton has resorted to the extreme step—of publicly advertising that he will not be answerable for his wife's debts. Here is a copy of the advertisement, copied from the London Times:—

"Whereas on the 30th of March, 1836, Caroline Elizabeth Sarah, my wife, left me, her family and home, and hath from thence continued to live separate and apart from me, and although I subsequently provided for the separate maintenance and support of my said wife such annual allowance as my legal advisers considered ample and liberal with reference to my means, and lodged the amount of the two first quarters of such annual allowance with a banker at the disposal of my wife, and offered and proposed to secure the regular payment of such allowance by quarterly payments thereof in advance, whereof she had notice, yet my said wife having positively refused to accept such allowance or acquiesce in or accept to such proposal, and having without my knowledge or consent subsequently contracted debts to a large amount for articles of luxury altogether unnecessary for her, and inconsistent with my means (for the recovery of some of which debts actions have lately been commenced, and are still pending against me, and several others are threatened); to protect myself, therefore, against such proceedings, I hereby give notice of my said offer of such provision for my said wife, and that I will not be answerable for any debts she may have contracted since the 30th of March, 1836, or hereafter may contract, and that she has no authority to contract debts or deal with any one on my credit.

London, September 4, 1837." C. C. NORTON.

The Queen's Taste in Music.—Soon after the accession of her present majesty Thalberg was invited to perform at the palace. In complimenting him upon his great talent the Queen expressed her regret that she had not heard him before, but promised herself a frequent repetition of the gratification. About a fortnight, therefore, before his departure for the provinces he was again summoned to a private party at the palace, when he was the sole performer, and her Majesty was pleased to give him five several subjects to work upon. Her Majesty has already given proof of her admirable musical education, one of the smallest advantages, nevertheless, that she has derived from the wise provision of her illustrious mother. The simple circumstance of Lablache being engaged to give her Majesty some lessons in singing at once evinces the judgment of the Duchess of Kent. He always sings like a musician, and not a mere stage player. Lablache praises both the voice and style of her Majesty; the former, as he said, being soft, sweet, and correct. He also said she had been well instructed. World.

Paganini.—The following has been stated in several French journals to be the sums which Paganini has received from his admirers by the public display of his extraordinary talents:—In Germany, 517,300f.; France, 2,206,000f.; England, 3,104,000f.; Italy, 86,959f. Total 5,914,229f. Paganini having been shown the estimate, merely observed, "I will gladly give the calculator 10 per cent. on the amount if he will prove it to be correct.

Miss P. Horton will join the corps at Drury-lane this winter. Her sister has become extremely popular with brother Jonathan; she is now performing at New-York.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH JOCKEYS.

NO. V.—PATRICK CONNELLY.

Of all who since the days of Cadmus have won their bread by "painful distillations through the brain's alembic," none ever accomplished it more featly than Laurence Sterne. Literary labor was a phrase unknown to his vocabulary. His pen was a plaything, having amusement both for cause and effect. Placing his paper before him, he would just hint at the purpose for which it was intended. Was the Muse propitious, he indited matter germane; was she coy, he straightway threw himself into the speculative or excursive; or, failing all, ensconced himself behind dashes and asterisks, as full of oratory and argument as the oscillations of Lord Burleigh's wig. But we are fallen upon days when Sentimental Journeys suit not the public palate, whether performed in the flesh or the spirit. "Wo is me," said Burke, and echoes James Montgomery, "the age of poetry is past!" If the Muse be restive, no gentle preluding is permitted, just as it were to bring her into her paces. No, no; *bon gré mal gré*, go she must; "and if she prove quite unmanageable, then," quoth Parolles, "serve her as the Burgomeistre of Gottenburgh did his mare."—"Ah! but how was that? all the world may not be quite as wise as you are, good Sir."—"You would like the story?—well, *laissez aller*, you shall have it:" (not a bad pattern for such as need an introductory chord, but this is by the way).

"Saddle me Grey Flanders," said Mynheer Van Swillfort; "an I mount her not more frequently than of late, *der deyvel*, she will abide neither bit nor crupper!"

"So please ye, Burgomeistre," replied the serving-man to whom the order was given, "you may not ride the Flanders mare presently; it needeth that she first obtain the craft of burly Jan Muleiber, for she hath kicked the iron from both her hinder heels."

"*Donner!*" exclaimed the corporator, "but she is a vixen; take her forthwith to Jan Smith, and let the needful be done, I pray thee; anon we'll see to stay such dealing in the future."

The shades of night prevailed in Gottenburgh, as slowly a horse-boy led a reeking Flanders mare into the court-yard belonging to the residence of the Burgomeistre Van Swillfort. That functionary had awaited the arrival till his patience had evaporated, and left him possessed of a terrible vocabulary of rage, the which to articulate would have rent in twain any thorax save that of a Hollander. The Flemish palfrey, it appeared, had resisted all the cunning which the German school of the *manege* possessed, and had returned as unshod as she went. It was not yet sunrise of the succeeding morn, when two iron rings of great strength were being driven into a wall of the court-yard already named, the one about twelve inches from the ground, the other at an height of five feet, with some twelve feet between them. Jan Smith stood looking on in silent wonderment as the Burgomeistre led forth his Flanders *joument*, and forthwith began to tackle her in this wise: to the lower one the head of the patient was firmly affixed, her nose touching the ground; the hinder foot to be shod was then stretched out to the utmost extent of the leg by a rope which was passed through the upper ring, and then brought back and made fast to a cloven hitch fixed to the root of the Fleming's tail. The hind foot was consequently so much exalted, and pulled so heavily at the stern, that the subject seemed only influenced with the desire to keep its other feet on *terra firma*.

"And now, Jan," said Van Swillfort, "proceed and do thy bidding; with one hoof in the heavens, seest thou not that it will ill suit her to kick? with her nose pointing to the infernal regions, she may not conveniently rear; and with the devil himself apparently tugging at her tail, you perceive that she has given up the point."

From that day to this they handle unruly horses after this fashion in Germany, and when any difficulty is to be encountered, they have a proverb which says, "Serve it as the Burgomeistre of Gottenburgh did his mare."

Acting upon this maxim (better late than never), and resolutely grappling the matter with which my open note-book supplies me, I enter upon the delineation with which is my immediate business. The subject of the present notice is a son of Green Erin; it will probably be pronounced an undeniable bull to designate an Irishman an English jockey: so much the better—it will serve to make the sketch the more characteristic. CONNELLY began life, at least professionally, in the Curragh of Kildare, without any exception the most perfect race course in the world. There, in the stables of the well-known Mr. Prendergast, and under that gentleman's trainer (less known to fame), William Cleary, he acquired the rudiments of the art he now professes. At the age of thirteen, weighing 3st. 9½ lb., he on that sod made his *debut* for a Handicap, Peel Course, on Jenny Gray. In the subsequent year, 1821, he came over to England with Mr. Prendergast, and went with his stud to Newmarket, where both were under the care of the late Mr. Henry Neale. Soon after his arrival here, however, Mr. Prendergast retired from the Turf, and Connelly was on the point of re-transportation, when an accident that gave him a turn decided his fortune. Neale put him in 1823 on Lord Verulam's Vaurien for the Chelmsford Cup, which he had the luck to win, and thus took the tide at flood. From that time to the present he has remained in the service of the excellent Lord of Grimston, rarely of late, however, shewing in the white and yellow satin, as his Lordship has all but left the Turf—again to return to it, let us hope, either in his own person or in that of his son.

A very remarkable accident occurred to Connelly while riding a trial upon one of Lord Verulam's three-year-olds, Albert, by Waterloo, or Moses, out of Varennes, though the actual manner of it is not generally known. It happened as the horses engaged in the trial were running down the fall of the New Ground, A. F., at Newmarket; and Connelly told me that life became so instantaneously extinct, that Albert was dead while yet he was in his stride—a case similar to that in which Grimaldi, at the St. Alban's Steeple Chase, carried Becher in his death-throe to the goal, and died as he passed it—a victor! As the *noscitur a sociis* is held to be the test of a man's social character, so also it may be applied to his professional standing. Tried by this, Connelly may claim the first rank among public riders, for almost always, when his services are available, we find him put up by the influential trainers on their own account. This is a distinction to which nothing but sterling merit can lead: fashion, prejudice, caprice, fifty causes induce those who use the Turf for their amusement to select a jockey; but such as race solely for profit, either to win stakes or to sell their horses, to these there is no recommendation save that of actual merit and talent.

And here a passing word, which may be read with good service by the young aspirant for the Olympic crown. To him it will not be permitted to choose from the Robinsons or Chifneys of the Calendar. Let such go to Newmarket, and there judge for himself from the data I offer. Let him look to those who rule for the great trainers (themselves, in most cases, jockeys of former days), who keep race horses on their own account; these are too good judges to strip a horse without sufficient assurance of the man they were about to entrust him to. One example may serve as well as a hundred. There is Edward Wright, whom he will find in all cases, when the weight will permit, upon William Edwards's horses. I say it, without fear of a single dissentient among those who are qualified to decide in such a case, that there is a man fit to rank with the first-class of those of his calling, and yet have I known that accomplished horseman stand idle, while such a fellow as Macdonald (whose style and appearance scarce fit him to bestride a butcher's trotter for a saddle) has been put upon Rockingham for the Cups at Ascot and Goodwood! I have been led a little wide, I fear, of my subject, but it may serve my reader, and he from whose biography I have wandered will ask no apology from him who can plead good nature as his "general issue."

In the thirtieth year of his age, and the sixteenth of his naturalization among us, Connelly is found, at various dates, as the winner of all the great stakes, and the jock of all the most celebrated horses during that period in England: he has won Derby, Leger, and Oaks, the first Eclipse Foot at Ascot on Priam, and the Goodwood Cup two years following on the same horse; but it would be quite out of the question here to attempt an epitome of his success. Still it may be observed, as a curious coincidence, that for the two first of those great races he was second to by Chifney, while for the former Robinson was third. The winning the Leger of 1830 upon Birmingham (with the exception of Memnon's year the largest field that ever started for that stake) was a *dies albo lapide notata* in his calendar. It was won out of the fire by that best maxim, which I believe owes its existence to James Robinson, and which should be the jockey's golden rule—"A race is never over till you are past the post." I did not see it; but Chifney, I understood, was thunderstruck when he heard it was decided against him, the intention being to leave it fine, but by no means to throw it away, as general opinion pronounced it to have been.

In the regular course of service he rode Lord Exeter's flying mares for the Oaks, and in 1834 he was selected by Mr. Batson to ride Plenipotentiary for the Derby. It is well known that he won it, Chifney being second on Shilelah, and Robinson third on Glencoe. Whatever pecuniary benefit he derived from that event, it was very generally believed was more than counterbalanced by Plenipo's defeat (if such be the proper term) for the Leger. Connelly lost heavily in pocket, and it was publicly attempted by Mr. Batson's confidential trainer to ruin him in reputation also. That atrocious effort, however, was a failure, which recoiled with infinitely more disgrace upon the parties with whom it originated. The jockey still retains the confidence of the Sporting World, while by every member of it the memory of that dark and unexplained affair is alluded to (in reference to all who beside were involved in it) as the most disgraceful event in the annals of the Turf. Let those who have as yet succeeded in keeping it a mystery be not too secure. It is not forgotten, and will not be so while those who witnessed its course of baseness shall live to abhor dishonor, and burn to detect it!

And now, to turn from generalities, I come to speak of the subject of my sketch individually, and to touch upon his professional characteristics. In costume he is the most finished of all his cotemporaries: moreover, his is of a most prepossessing exterior, with a smile ever that at once relates the history of his heart. Long as he has been absent from his country, his accent still adheres to him, as Moore sings,

"Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled,"

and he is not ashamed of it, a sign of good sense whose *imprimatur* would give many of the more aspiring of his fellow countrymen a circulation of better respect among us. He is cheerful and light-hearted ever, and goes to his work as if it were his pleasure. Ask him a question, and you do not receive a reply wrapped up in the mystery that would immortalize an ambassador in Tom Thumb; you get one neither inconsistent with his duty nor his civility. In his style of riding, too, may be traced somewhat of nationality: his set-to does not strike you (as in Robinson for instance) as the result of a previous accommodation of circumstances, but it appears the effect of some chance on the instant discovered and taken advantage of: at such a moment he throws all the fire for which the land of his nativity is proverbial into the struggle. Without indulging in the vicious punishment for which some of our public riders have an unenviable renown, no horse that he ever *rode at a critical finish* but knew sufficiently well that he was in earnest. I have seen many horses that he has brought successfully through races of terrible severity, but I never yet looked upon one cut up as I have known them by too many of his cotemporaries. In his seat there is more lightness, or rather less appearance of hamper, than in most of those who go to scale his weight. This may be the result of natural grace, matured by constant practice, but I cannot help fancying the buoyancy of the disposition has some optical effect upon the apparent gravity of the frame. The great extent of Lord Exeter's stud in itself would furnish a fair average occupation for a jockey; so that, combining the business of that stable with the large connexion independent of it which Connelly possesses, it may fairly be pronounced that not one of his brethren shews more frequently during the season in cap and jacket. He married recently a daughter of Mr. Boyce, the well-known Newmarket trainer, a very interesting and amiable girl, with whom he seems in as fair a way for happiness as any mortal may hope. If good wishes can secure it, he is assured; if the present be an omen of the future, how few can look forward with happier anticipations!

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Sept.

PADDY'S STORY ABOUT A FOX.

BY S. LOVER, ESQ.

"Paddy," said the squire, "perhaps you would favor the gentleman with that story you once told me about a fox?"

"Indeed and I will, plaze your honor," said Paddy, "though I know full well not one word iv it you believe, nor the gintlemen won't neither, though you're axin me for it; but only want to laugh at me, and call me a big liar, whin my back's turned."

"May be we wouldn't wait for your back being turned, Paddy, to honor you with that title."

"Oh, indeed, I'm not sayin' you wouldn't do it as soon forninst my face, your honor, as you ofden did before, and will again, and welkim——"

"Well, Paddy, say no more about that, but let's have the story."

"Sure I'm losin no time, only telling the gintlemen before-hand that it's what they'll be callin' it a lie, and indeed it is uncommon, sure enough; but you see gintlemen, you must remimber that the fox is the cunnin'ist baste in the world, barrin' the wren.

Here Paddy was questioned why he considered the wren as cunning a *baste* as the fox.

"Why, sir, bekase all birds builds their nest with one hole to it only, except'n the wren; but the wren builds two holes on the nest, so that if any nimmy comes to disturb it upon one door, it can go out on the other; but the fox is cute to that degree, that there's many a fool to him, and, by dad, the fox could buy and sell many a Christian, as you'll see by and by, whin I tell you what happened to a wood-ranger that I knew wans't, and a dacent man he was.

Well, you see, he came home one night, mighty tired, for he was out wid a party in the domain, cock-shootin' that day; and when he got back to his lodge, he threw a few logs o' wood on the fire to make himself comfortable, and he took whatever little matther he had for his supper, and, after that, he felt himself so tired that he wint to bed. But you're to undherstan' that, though he wint to bed, it was more for to rest himself like, than to sleep, for it was early; and so he just went into bed, and there he diverted himself lookin' at the fire, that was blazin as merry as a bon-fire on the hearth.

Well, as he was lyin' that-a-way, jist thinkin' o' nothin' at all, what shou'd come into the place but a fox? But I must tell you, what I forgot to tell you before, that the ranger's house was on the borders o' the wood, and he had no one to live with him but himself, barrin' the dogs that he had the care iv, that was his only companions, and he had a hole cut on the door, with a swingin' boord to it, that the dogs might go in or out, accordin' as it plazed them; and, by dad, the fox came in, as I tould you, through the hole in the door, as bould as a ram, and walked over to the fire, and sat down forninst it.

Now, it was mighty provokin' that all the dogs were out; they wor rovin' about the woods, you see lookin' for to ketch rabbits to ate, or some other mischief, and it so happened that there was'nt as much as one individual dog in that place; and I'll go bail the fox knew that right well before he put his nose inside the ranger's lodge.

Well, the ranger was in hopes that some o' the dogs id come home and catch the chap, and he was loth to stir hand or fut himself, afear'd o' fregtenin' away the fox; but he could hardly keep his temper at all at all, whin he seen the fox take the pipe aff o' the hob, where he lift it afore he wint to bed, and puttin' the bowl o' the pipe into the fire to kindle it (it's as thrue as I'm here), he began to smoke forninst the fire, as nath'ral as any other man you ever seen.

'Musha, bad luck to your impidence, you long-tailed blackguard!' says the ranger, 'and is it smokin' my pipe you are? Oh thin, by this and by that, if I had my gun convanient to me, it's fire and smoke of another sort, and what you wouldn't bargain for, I'd give you,' said he.

So, with that he watched until the fox wasn't mindin' him, but was busy shakin' the cinders out o' the pipe when he was done wid it, and so the ranger thought he was goin' to go immediately afther gittin' an air o' the fire and a shaugh o' the pipe; and so says he, 'Faiks, my lad, I wont let you go so easy as all that, as cunnin' as you think yourself;' and, with that, he made a dart out o' bed, and ran over to the door, and got between it and the fox; and 'now,' says he 'your bread's baked my buck, and maybe my lord wont have a fine run out o' you, and the dogs at your brish every yard, you moradin' thief, and the divil mind you,' says he, 'for your impidence; for sure, if you hadn't the impidence of a highwayman's horse, it is not in my very house, undher my nose, you'd daar for to come;' and with that he began to whistle for the dogs; and the fox, that stood eyeing him all the time while he was spakin', began to think it was time to be joggin' whin he heard the whistle, and says the fox to himself,—'Throth, indeed, you think yourself a mighty great ranger now,' says he, 'and you think you're very cute; but upon my tail, and that's a big oath, I'd be long sorry to let such a mallet-headed bog-throtter as yourself take a dirty advantage o' me, and I'll engage,' says the fox, 'I'll make you lave the door soon and sudden;' and, with that, he turned to where the ranger's brogues was lying, hard by, beside the fire, and, what would you think, but the fox tuk up one of the brogues, and wint over to the fire, and threw it into it.

'I think that'll make you start,' says the fox.

'Not a bit,' says the ranger; that wont do my buck,' says he; the brogue may burn to cindhers,' says he, 'but out o' this I wont stir;' and then puttin his fingers into his mouth, he gave a blast of a whistle you'd hear a mile off, and shouted for the dogs.

'So that won't do,' says the fox. 'Well, I must try another offer,' says he, and with that, he tuk up the other brogue, and threw it into the fire too.

There now,' says he, 'you may keep the other company,' says he, 'and there's a pair o' you now, as the divil said to his knee-buckles.'

'Oh, you thievin' varmint!' says the ranger, 'you won't leave me a tack to my feet; but no mather,' says he; 'your head's worth more than a pair o' brogues to me, any day, and by the Piper o' Blissintown, you're money in my pocket this minit,' says he; and with that the fingers was in his mouth agin, and he was goin' to whistle, whin, what would you think, but up sits the fox on his hunkers, and puts his two fore paws in his mouth, makin' game o' the ranger. Well, the ranger, no wondher, though in a rage as he was, couldn't help laughin' at the thought o' the fox mockin' him, and, by dad, he tuk sitch a fit o' laughin' that he couldn't whistle, and that was the cuteness of the fox to gain time; but when this first laugh was over, the ranger recovered himself, and gev another whistle, and so says the fox, 'By my sowl!' says he, 'I think it wouldn't be good for my health to stay here much longer, and I mustn't be thrifflin' with that blacguard ranger any more,' says he, 'and I must make him sinsible it is time to let me go; and though he hasn't undherstan'ing to be sorry for his brogues, I'll go bail I'll make him lave that,' says he, 'before he'd say *sparabics*;' and, with that, what do you think the fox done? Why, he took a lighted piece of log out o' the blazin' fire, and ran over wid it to the ranger's bed, and was goin' to throw it into the straw and burn him out of house and home; so when the ranger saw that, he gave a shout—

'Hilloo, hilloo! you murdherin' villin!' says he, 'you're worse nor Captain Rock! is it goin' to burn me out you are, you red rogue of a Ribbonman!' and he made a dart between him and the bed, to save the house from being burned; but my jewel that was all the fox wanted; and as soon as the ranger quitted the hole in the door that he was standin' forninst, the fox let go the blazin' faggit, and made one jump through the door, and escaped.

But before he wint, the fox turned round and gave the ranger the most contimptible look he ever got in his life, and showed every tooth in his head with laughin'; and at last he put out his tongue at him, as much as to say, 'You have missed me, like your mammy's blessin!' and off wid him—like a flash o' lightnin'!"

The Sportsman, for Sept., 1837.

Vastness of London.—There is a certain hostelry, inn, pot-house, tavern, or hotel—for we are not certain which is its proper designation—about a mile beyond Westminster-bridge, called the Elephant and Castle, at which 1,500 couches and other vehicles pull up every day. There is one brewery in London to which a rise or fall in the price of beer of one halfpenny a pot, makes a difference of 40,000*l.* a year.

THE ROYAL STUD.

The following letter to Lord Melbourne, from Sir Francis Burdett, will be read with interest.

"*My Lord.*—I take the liberty of addressing you, and of calling the attention of the public to a subject which seems to have been too little thought of by both. I allude to the notable expedient of selling the Royal Stud by public auction, without exception even of the beautiful Arabians, 'minions of their race,' the presents of an Eastern Prince to England's King, thus casting a foul stain on the national character, and injuring materially the national interests, for the horse is a noble animal, and to encourage his race, and to bring all his admirable powers and qualifications to perfection, is an object of primary national concern, and has by all nations, warlike or otherwise, been so considered, and never more so than at the present moment. Agents from Austria, France, and Russia have come over to this country to avail them elves of this act of meanness, stupidity, and folly, and to pick up the pearls we are so basely throwing away. Even the Americans, who, one would think least likely to take an interest in this subject, have lately been making purchases of some of our best horses, not scrupling to give three or four thousand pounds a piece for them. We alone seem willing to yield our acknowledged superiority on this important point, and indeed on too many others, and to barter it away for a pecuniary and trifling consideration. My lord, ships and horses, the *duo fulmina belli*, used to be the pride and glory of Englishmen. These are bulwarks of national safety, and instruments of national renown, and the perfection to which we brought and the skill with which we used them, has long been the admiration of the world, and our supremacy therein honourably characteristic of our country. Alas, my lord, how changed we must be if we can behold with apathy these interests neglected, this superiority passing away from us, whilst other nations are nobly indeed emulating, and endeavouring, by copying, to surpass us. As no other reason has or can be assigned for this shabby transaction, it is difficult not to imagine it to originate in some private motive either of interest or malice, and to denounce it as a disgraceful job. As to the silly suggestion, that it is unbecoming a Queen to have a royal stud, it can only provoke laughter, and is, indeed, arrant nonsense. The royal stud is a truly royal appendage to the crown, and to maintain it a primary public object; and, seeing the huge sums foreigners are willing to give for our best horses, it is the only security for some of the very best being preserved amongst us, and of their being, as they ought to be, prized above all price. If it is unfit that under a Queen interests of such public importance should be disregarded, it follows that it is unfit a Queen should wear the crown, and not that the royal stud should be sold. The only other suggestion I have heard even whispered, for none have been publicly stated, to reconcile us to this public act of degradation, is the miserable short-sighted, penurious, penny-wise and pound-foolish economy so much in vogue in these 'costermonger days,' under the influence of which are withering all the great interests of our country; but this pretence, poor as it is, cannot be brought to bear upon the subject, for the establishment is in such high repute that it already defrays, or nearly so, its own expenses, so that, as a mere matter of traffic, it is a thriving concern, and will naturally become more so every year. It may be said why, then, not leave it to individual exertion to maintain; but the public object could not thereby be secured, that object being that no temptation of gain should extract from the country its best horses. Our lively neighbors, in their vivacity and wit, have called us a nation of shopkeepers, and should this paltry project be carried into effect they will henceforth, perhaps, denominate us a nation of pedlars. My lord, put your veto upon it at once, and obliterate, if it be possible, the shame and reproach of having for a moment entertained such a thought.—The remonstrance put forth by the Jockey Club of England will have, I hope, its due weight with your lordship; anyhow they will have done honor to themselves, and have evinced to the world that Englishmen, even in their sports, do not forget their country, and in case government refuses to interfere, the gentlemen and noblemen of England, will, I trust, step forward upon this occasion, and become themselves the purchasers of the royal stud, and by vesting it in the Crown, confer a lasting benefit on the country. 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"I remain, my lord,

"Your most obedient and very humble servant,

"*St. James'-Place*, Sept. 16." "FRANCIS BURDETT."

METROPOLITAN MISERIES.

POLICE.—"Murder! police! police! that fellow has knocked me down and ill-treated me in a most shameful manner. Take him into custody—seize him!"

Policeman—I didn't see the assault.

"Good God! I have been shamefully treated—I am bruised all over: I might have been murdered."

Policeman—I don't see any blood—can't take the man into custody unless I see blood, or the assault committed—must obey orders. Hallo! you old woman, move on there with your basket—move on, or I'll take you and your basket before a magistrate.

Woman—God bless you, Sir, I've two poor young orphan grandchildren at home starving; a kind-hearted gentleman gave me half a crown, and I've laid it out in fruit to turn a penny. God help me.

Policeman—Can't help all that—must obey orders. Move on!

OMNIBUS.—"City, city! hold hard!"—"Halloa, conductor, you're full; let me out—there's no seat. The fellow's deaf—conductor!"

"Beg pardon, ma'am."

"Clumsy! my bonnet's crushed to pieces. Stop! you ought to be ashamed of yourself, conductor, to tell me there was room when you knew there was not."

"You be d—d; who are you?—all right!" and off they go, fourteen inside, four out, driver and cad, and (spirit of humanity!) only two poor half-starved horses. See how the wretched animals strive and struggle up the hill at Holborn—their veins and sinews starting as though they would burst. They gain the top; a rival omnibus is close upon their rear, and away the two dash at a furious speed, each striving to gain the lead, and reckless of the risk of life incurred by the crowded state of the thoroughfare.

PARAMBULATING ADVERTISERS.—Bless me! what's that "dragging its slow length along," covered over with those immense placards of divers colors? Margate—Steam—Railroads—Hats—ah! an advertising machine, a locomotive; but nobody stops to read, there's no time for that in the crowded streets. Of what use can it be? Good God! that gentleman will be thrown out of the gig, his horse is frightened at the placards; he's running away—crash! the gig is hurled against a cart—the gentleman is thrown out. Is he hurt? he is insensible; they are carrying him to a surgeon's. See! look at that young woman cleaning the windows, seated on the window-sill of the third story of that gentleman's house. What a dangerous situation; it's really quite painful to look at her. Why don't they employ the glaziers? they have the proper apparatus for the purpose, and are accustomed to that sort of work. The master of the house cannot plead poverty—his carriage is at the door. What's that? The poor girl has lost her hold—she is falling—she is dashed on the pavement below—she is killed! There will be an inquest on the body: verdict, "Accidental death." Bah!

LEGAL MYSTERIES.—John Jones is indicted for stealing a couple of *live* ducks. It is proved in evidence that the ducks were *dead* when stolen. Judge—Gentlemen of the jury, you must acquit the prisoner. Ducks are ducks, but a dead duck is not a live duck; nor a live duck a dead duck—law is law." Prisoner acquitted accordingly. George Johnstone is capitally indicted for the wilful murder of Jane, his wife, under circumstances of the most atrocious and horrifying character. The guilt of the prisoner is clear as the sun at noon-day. The doom of the wretched man seems about to be sealed; but lo! up starts the counsel for the prisoner: he objects to the indictment, and why? The christian name of the prisoner is *James*, instead of George, and although there is not the shadow of a doubt as to the identity of the man, or his participation in the crime of murder, he is freed from his fetters, and at loose amongst society at large. Go to! verily, verily, fiction is but a fool to the truth.

London Sunday Times.

THE DYING FOX HUNTER.

A very handsome and richly colored engraving, from a painting by Turner, of the "Dying Fox Hunter," has just been published in London. The grouping is admirable, and nearly all the figures are full of character. The jolly parson, with the bible in one hand and a glass of wine in the other, may have been intended as a satire on the cloth; but the healthful hilarity of the assembled sons of Nimrod, contrasted with the last gleam of animation on the face of the dying man, and the complete abstraction of the medical attendant, combined with the whining look of an old hound by his master's bed-side, render this picture highly effective. To complete the scene, a weeping girl is introduced in the very midst of sportsmen, who are singing and carousing over the death-bed of their companion. The following is the anecdote which the painter has so successfully embodied.

"I shall never forget the scene I witnessed at —— Hall, the seat of Sir Harry ——. You know my dear Tom, what a staunch old sportsman the Baronet was considered, and we have reason to remember his kindheartedness and hospitality. Well, I was out one day with the hounds and a field of about sixty; we soon found a stout dog-fox, and after riding whip and spur for a good two hours' chase, we fairly ran him down; I was one of the foremost, and I assure you, there were but a few who had the honor of being in at the death. It so happened that the fox was killed on Sir Harry's grounds, and seeing one of his game-keepers coming out of a copse, we inquired after the health of his master. The man with a rueful countenance, answered as he shook his head, that he was sadly afraid his respected governor would soon go to earth. This information, as you may suppose, threw a damp upon our spirits, for the Bart. was much beloved by all who knew him; we resolved, therefore, as we were so near the mansion, to quit our sport, and immediately ascertain the exact state of our friend's health. Accordingly, two or three of us, who had been his oldest acquaintances, sent up our names, and we were all desired shortly afterwards, to step into the bed-room where he was lain. On one side of the bed sat the Physician, feeling the pulse, and looking at his watch, as if he knew the time when his patient would depart into another world; on the other side was the Vicar, reading a prayer to sooth the last moments of the dying man; at the foot of the bed stood the Baronet's lovely daughter, weeping by the side of her brother; and on the floor lay the favourite old hound Towler, looking up as though he felt a deep interest in the scene. As we entered the room, Sir Harry raised his head gently from the pillow, and seeing the red coats, said in a distinct, but low, whispering voice, which seemed to thrill our hearts—"Hark forward, hark forward: zounds don't make a noise;" he then fell back exhausted, his pulse seemed as if it had stopped, his eyes closed, and all was still. Supposing him to be dead, we began to talk of the happy days we had passed in his company; and having taken some refreshment which was offered to us by the old butler, one of the company said that he was sure, if it were possible for Sir Harry to understand what was passing around him, that nothing would please him so much as to hear his favorite song for his dying dirge. This idea seemed to give general satisfaction, and accordingly we all sung the well-known hunting song, "Hark the Goddess Diana, calls aloud for the chace." Well, can you imagine our surprise at hearing the Baronet join in with our last chorus, singing with a faint voice—

"To the fields then away let's repair,
For the huntsman is winding his horn."

As he repeated the words, he raised himself slightly, as if by a last effort, and they had no sooner passed his lips, than he once more fell back upon his pillow—and died.

Bell's Life in London.

THE MONKEY AND THE PAINTER.

A painter was once busily employed in decorating with fancy colors, some carved work in the stern of a French brig which lay in the harbor of Marseilles, and had a stage suspended for that purpose. A monkey, which belonged to the captain of an American vessel, moored almost in contact with the stern of the brig, appeared deeply interested in the progress of the decorations, and watched the artist very closely, and, occasionally, as if he wished to criticise or ridicule the performance, he would grin and chatter most furiously. The painter although at first amused, soon became indignant at the insolent bearing of the monkey, and whilst Jacko was in the midst of a critical dissertation, and appeared hugely tickled at being able to discompose the nerves of the artist, the latter thrust his largest brush, well charged with a beautiful verdigris color, full in the mouth of the chattering quadruped. Jacko retreated to his habitation, exhibiting signs of wrath and indignation. The captain of the vessel, who was well acquainted with the character of the monkey, who would never suffer a trick to be played upon him, without retorting in kind, advised the painter to be particularly cautious, or the monkey would do him some injury. The painter, however, laughed at the idea; and soon after the admonition, he left his work, and entered a coffee house on the quay, when, in drinking a cup of coffee and a little conversation with a friend, he passed half an hour. In his absence, the monkey left his retreat, and passed through a port on the painter's stage, where all his pots, brushes, &c., were deposited. He commenced an attack upon the ropes which held the stage, and employed his time so well, before the painter appeared, that two of them were nearly severed, and when the unsuspecting artist placed his foot upon the stage, for the purpose of resuming his work, the ropes broke, and painter, pots, paints, and brushes, were precipitated without ceremony into the dock. Then commenced the triumph of the monkey, who sprang to the gunwale, and while gazing on the floundering foe, he evinced his delight by his gesticulations and loud chatterings. The artist was fished out, but his paints of course were lost, and his clothes were saturated with the briny fluid. So soon as he was safely landed, he seized a club, and rushed on board the vessel, threatening vengeance on the monkey, which he undoubtedly would have killed on the spot, had not Jacko wisely retreated to the maintop mast cross-trees, where he sat looking down triumphantly on his enemy, who was pacing the deck, uttering imprecations immeasurable. The painter then proceeded to his house, and returned with his bowling-piece, well charged with buck shot, determined to bring Jacko down by fair means or foul; but the captain, seeing the danger that was about to befal his mischievous favorite, appeased the anger of the painter, by offering to pay him for the loss of the materials, and the damage done to his clothes. A treaty was concluded; but Jacko could not be easily convinced of the sincerity of the opposite party, and fearing some mishap, maintained his position on the cross-trees for several days afterwards.

THE FITZCLARENCE FAMILY AND THE "FUDGE FAMILY."

Soon after the accession of his late Majesty, one of those families of English travellers who are to be met with at every inn, in and out of every town on the continent, had arrived late at night at a somewhat crowded hostelry in a remote part of France, where they clamored in vain for admission. They were told there was no accommodation for the party, which consisted of a papa, a mamma, and two daughters. As it was dark, wet, and stormy, and there was no shelter nearer than some miles, they insisted with pertinacity on the doors being opened to them. The host expostulated, the travellers vociferated—the storm increased, and so did their impatience. "*Mais que voulez vous?*" argued the innkeeper; "my last rooms were taken this afternoon by some English travellers like yourselves—you don't expect they will turn out for you?" In the midst of the altercation the soft voice of an English lady within appeased with its sweet sound the jarring elements without—for it offered to the wearied wayfarers a share of the accommodations which her husband and herself had secured. The husband, albeit somewhat *malgre lui*, consenting to give up a charming *tete a tete* with his bride, joined in welcoming the discomfited party, who were soon seated by a blazing fire—the ladies in the sleeping-room, the gentlemen in the *salle a manger*—and all sorts of contrivances arranged by the fair hands of the pretty bride herself, assisted by her waiting-maid, to make their guests comfortable for the night. Shawls, petisses, pillows, were heaped on chairs, and on the floor, and the young bride smiled good-humoredly to see how cleverly she had settled every thing to the satisfaction of the ladies. After taking as good refreshment as a French country inn afforded—that is, supping on smoked *omelette*, with bad butter and some bread and wine, the stranger ladies began to converse on general topics, and amongst other subjects that of the new reign and the new court was discussed. As the strangers became more talkative, the pretty bride became silent, until the former had all the conversation to themselves. Numerous anecdotes were related of the Fitzclarence family; and all the impertinences which Majest-books have recorded, from Lord Rochester to Beau Brummel, were revived and fitted to each of the male members. The females next came under the lash; and, after denying them one good quality after another, their total want of beauty was decided as an incontrovertible fact. "Do you know them well?" ventured the young bride. "Oh, yes," said the mother, "we have seen them thousands of times at Brighton and at Windsor; they are all so proud and stuck up—you never knew such creatures!"—"Indeed," said the bride; "which of them do you know best?"—"we know 'em all," said the youngest daughter. "Lady F—k—d, with her great black eyes, I see very little in her; but as for Lady Augusta, whom they call a beauty, she is the worst of all; and as for pride and—" "Good heavens!" exclaimed the bride, coloring with emotion, and entirely off her guard, "who *can* you mean—my own sister Augusta, or my brother Frederick's wife?" Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of the travellers they could not have felt more appalled and conscience-stricken. Nothing now was left but to make apologies, the most abject, the most humble, to the fair creature whom their ignorance and ill-nature had so much shocked. Professions of loyalty and attachment to the sovereign, entreaties for forgiveness, were showered upon the flushing and astonished Lady F—lk—d, as, with that bewitching smile, half serious half comic, so well known to the inmates of her family, and so peculiar to each of its members, she relinquished her own bed to the sisters, and throwing herself on a pile of cushions, bid them all good night.

London Court Journal.

There is now living in Spitalfields an undertaker whose christian name is Mark Antony. A wag observing a funeral attended by this personage, and forgetting the solemnity of the passing scene, applied to his friend the words of Brutus over the dead body of Cæsar:—"Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Anthony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying."

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THE ROYAL STUD.

The following letter to Lord Melbourne, from Sir Francis Burdett, will be read with interest.

"*My Lord.*—I take the liberty of addressing you, and of calling the attention of the public to a subject which seems to have been too little thought of by both. I allude to the notable expedient of selling the Royal Stud by public auction, without exception even of the beautiful Arabians, 'minions of their race,' the presents of an Eastern Prince to England's King, thus casting a foul stain on the national character, and injuring materially the national interests, for the horse is a noble animal, and to encourage his race, and to bring all his admirable powers and qualifications to perfection, is an object of primary national concern, and has by all nations, warlike or otherwise, been so considered, and never more so than at the present moment. Agents from Austria, France, and Russia have come over to this country to avail them elves of this act of meanness, stupidity, and folly, and to pick up the pearls we are so tasely throwing away. Even the Americans, who, one would think least likely to take an interest in this subject, have lately been making purchases of some of our best horses, not scrupling to give three or four thousand pounds a piece for them. We alone seem willing to yield our acknowledged superiority on this important point, and indeed on too many others, and to barter it away for a pecuniary and trifling consideration. My lord, ships and horses, the *duo fulmina belli*, used to be the pride and glory of Englishmen. These are bulwarks of national safety, and instruments of national renown, and the perfection to which we brought and the skill with which we used them, has long been the admiration of the world, and our supremacy therein honourably characteristic of our country. Alas, my lord, how changed we must be if we can behold with apathy these interests neglected, this superiority passing away from us, whilst other nations are nobly indeed emulating, and endeavouring, by copying, to surpass us. 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Policeman—I didn't see the assault.

"Good God! I have been shamefully treated—I am bruised all over: I might have been murdered."

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"Beg parion, ma'am."

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"You be d—d; who are you?—all right!" and off they go, fourteen inside, four out, driver and cad, and (spirit of humanity!) only two poor half-starved horses. See how the wretched animals strive and struggle up the hill at Holborn—their veins and sinews starting as though they would burst. They gain the top; a rival omnibus is close upon their rear, and away the two dash at a furious speed, each striving to gain the lead, and reckless of the risk of life incurred by the crowded state of the thoroughfare.

PERAMBULATING ADVERTISERS.—Bless me! what's that "dragging its slow length along," covered over with those immense placards of divers colors? Margate—Steam—Railroads—Hats—ah! an advertising machine, a locomotive; but nobody stops to read, there's no time for that in the crowded streets. Of what use can it be? Good God! that gentleman will be thrown out of the gig, his horse is frightened at the placards; he's running away—crash! the gig is hurled against a cart—the gentleman is thrown out. Is he hurt? he is insensible; they are carrying him to a surgeon's. See! look at that young woman cleaning the windows, seated on the window-sill of the third story of that gentleman's house. What a dangerous situation; it's really quite painful to look at her. Why don't they employ the glaziers? they have the proper apparatus for the purpose, and are accustomed to that sort of work. The master of the house cannot plead poverty—his carriage is at the door. What's that? The poor girl has lost her hold—she is falling—she is dashed on the pavement below—she is killed! There will be an inquest on the body: verdict, "Accidental death." Bah!

LEGAL MYSTERIES.—John Jones is indicted for stealing a couple of *live* ducks. It is proved in evidence that the ducks were *dead* when stolen. Judge—Gentlemen of the jury, you must acquit the prisoner. Ducks are ducks, but a dead duck is not a live duck; nor a live duck a dead duck—law is law." Prisoner acquitted accordingly. George Johnstone is capitally indicted for the wilful murder of Jane, his wife, under circumstances of the most atrocious and horrifying character. The guilt of the prisoner is clear as the sun at noon-day. The doom of the wretched man seems about to be sealed; but lo! up starts the counsel for the prisoner: he objects to the indictment, and why? The christian name of the prisoner is *James*, instead of George, and although there is not the shadow of a doubt as to the identity of the man, or his participation in the crime of murder, he is freed from his fetters, and at loose amongst society at large. Go to! verily, verily, fiction is but a fool to the truth. London Sunday Times.

THE DYING FOX HUNTER.

A very handsome and richly colored engraving, from a painting by Turner, of the "Dying Fox Hunter," has just been published in London. The grouping is admirable, and nearly all the figures are full of character. The jolly parson, with the bible in one hand and a glass of wine in the other, may have been intended as a satire on the cloth; but the healthful hilarity of the assembled sons of Nimrod, contrasted with the last gleam of animation on the face of the dying man, and the complete abstraction of the medical attendant, combined with the whining look of an old hound by his master's bed-side, render this picture highly effective. To complete the scene, a weeping girl is introduced in the very midst of sportsmen, who are singing and carousing over the death-bed of their companion. The following is the anecdote which the painter has so successfully embodied.

"I shall never forget the scene I witnessed at —— Hall, the seat of Sir Harry ——. You know my dear Tom, what a staunch old sportsman the Baronet was considered, and we have reason to remember his kindheartedness and hospitality. Well, I was out one day with the hounds and a field of about sixty; we soon found a stout dog-fox, and after riding whip and spur for a good two hours' chase, we fairly ran him down; I was one of the foremost, and I assure you, there were but a few who had the honor of being in at the death. It so happened that the fox was killed on Sir Harry's grounds, and seeing one of his game-keepers coming out of a copse, we inquired after the health of his master. The man with a rueful countenance, answered as he shook his head, that he was sadly afraid his respected governor would soon go to earth. This information, as you may suppose, threw a damp upon our spirits, for the Bart. was much beloved by all who knew him; we resolved, therefore, as we were so near the mansion, to quit our sport, and immediately ascertain the exact state of our friend's health. Accordingly, two or three of us, who had been his oldest acquaintances, sent up our names, and we were all desired shortly afterwards, to step into the bed-room where he was lain. On one side of the bed sat the Physician, feeling the pulse, and looking at his watch, as if he knew the time when his patient would depart into another world; on the other side was the Vicar, reading a prayer to sooth the last moments of the dying man; at the foot of the bed stood the Baronet's lovely daughter, weeping by the side of her brother; and on the floor lay the favourite old hound Towler, looking up as though he felt a deep interest in the scene. As we entered the room, Sir Harry raised his head gently from the pillow, and seeing the red coats, said in a distinct, but low, whispering voice, which seemed to thrill our hearts—"Hark forward, hark forward: zounds don't make a noise;" he then fell back exhausted, his pulse seemed as if it had stopped, his eyes closed, and all was still. Supposing him to be dead, we began to talk of the happy days we had passed in his company; and having taken some refreshment which was offered to us by the old butler, one of the company said that he was sure, if it were possiole for Sir Harry to understand what was passing around him, that nothing would please him so much as to hear his favorite song for his dying dirge. This idea seemed to give general satisfaction, and accordingly we all sung the well-known hunting song, "Hark the Goddess Diana, calls aloud for the chace." Well, can you imagine our surprise at hearing the Baronet join in with our last chorus, singing with a faint voice—

"To the fields then away let's repair,
For the huntsman is winding his horn."

As he repeated the words, he raised himself slightly, as if by a last effort, and they had no sooner passed his lips, than he once more fell back upon his pillow—and died. Bell's Life in London.

THE MONKEY AND THE PAINTER.

A painter was once busily employed in decorating with fancy colors, some carved work in the stern of a French brig which lay in the harbor of Marseilles, and had a stage suspended for that purpose. A monkey, which belonged to the captain of an American vessel, moored almost in contact with the stern of the brig, appeared deeply interested in the progress of the decorations, and watched the artist very closely, and, occasionally, as if he wished to criticise or ridicule the performance, he would grin and chatter most furiously. The painter although at first amused, soon became indignant at the insolent bearing of the monkey, and whilst Jacko was in the midst of a critical dissertation, and appeared hugely tickled at being able to discompose the nerves of the artist, the latter thrust his largest brush, well charged with a beautiful verdigris color, full in the mouth of the chattering quadruped. Jacko retreated to his habitation, exhibiting signs of wrath and indignation. The captain of the vessel, who was well acquainted with the character of the monkey, who would never suffer a trick to be played upon him, without retorting in kind, advised the painter to be particularly cautious, or the monkey would do him some injury. The painter, however, laughed at the idea; and soon after the admonition, he left his work, and entered a coffee house on the quay, when, in drinking a cup of coffee and a little conversation with a friend, he passed half an hour. In his absence, the monkey left his retreat, and passed through a port on the painter's stage, where all his pots, brushes, &c., were deposited. He commenced an attack upon the ropes which held the stage, and employed his time so well, before the painter appeared, that two of them were nearly severed, and when the unsuspecting artist placed his foot upon the stage, for the purpose of resuming his work, the ropes broke, and painter, pots, paints, and brushes, were precipitated without ceremony into the dock. Then commenced the triumph of the monkey, who sprang to the gunwale, and while gazing on the floundering foe, he evinced his delight by his gesticulations and loud chatterings. The artist was fished out, but his paints of course were lost, and his clothes were saturated with the briny fluid. So soon as he was safely landed, he seized a club, and rushed on board the vessel, threatening vengeance on the monkey, which he undoubtedly would have killed on the spot, had not Jacko wisely retreated to the maintop mast cross-trees, where he sat looking down triumphantly on his enemy, who was pacing the deck, uttering imprecations immeasurable. The painter then proceeded to his house, and returned with his fowling-piece, well charged with buck shot, determined to bring Jacko down by fair means or foul; but the captain, seeing the danger that was about to befal his mischievous favorite, appeased the anger of the painter, by offering to pay him for the loss of the materials, and the damage done to his clothes. A treaty was concluded; but Jacko could not be easily convinced of the sincerity of the opposite party, and fearing some mishap, maintained his position on the cross-trees for several days afterwards.

THE FITZCLARENCE FAMILY AND THE "FUDGE FAMILY."

Soon after the accession of his late Majesty, one of those families of English travellers who are to be met with at every inn, in and out of every town on the continent, had arrived late at night at a somewhat crowded hostelry in a remote part of France, where they clamored in vain for admission. They were told there was no accommodation for the party, which consisted of a papa, a mamma, and two daughters. As it was dark, wet, and stormy, and there was no shelter nearer than some miles, they insisted with pertinacity on the doors being opened to them. The host expostulated, the travellers vociferated—the storm increased, and so did their impatience. "*Mais que voulez vous?*" argued the innkeeper; "my last rooms were taken this afternoon by some English travellers like yourselves—you don't expect they will turn out for you?" In the midst of the altercation the soft voice of an English lady within appeased with its sweet sound the jarring elements without—for it offered to the wearied wayfarers a share of the accommodations which her husband and herself had secured. The husband, albeit somewhat *malgre lui*, consenting to give up a charming *tete a tete* with his bride, joined in welcoming the discomfited party, who were soon seated by a blazing fire—the ladies in the sleeping-room, the gentlemen in the *salle a manger*—and all sorts of contrivances arranged by the fair hands of the pretty bride herself, assisted by her waiting-maid, to make their guests comfortable for the night. Shawls, pelisses, pillows, were heaped on chairs, and on the floor, and the young bride smiled good-humoredly to see how cleverly she had settled every thing to the satisfaction of the ladies. After taking as good refreshment as a French country inn afforded—that is, supping on smoked *omelette*, with bad butter and some bread and wine, the stranger ladies began to converse on general topics, and amongst other subjects that of the new reign and the new court was discussed. As the strangers became more talkative, the pretty bride became silent, until the former had all the conversation to themselves. Numerous anecdotes were related of the Fitzclarence family; and all the impertinences which jest-books have recorded, from Lord Rochester to Beau Brummel, were revived and fitted to each of the male members. The females next came under the lash; and, after denying them one good quality after another, their total want of beauty was decided as an incontrovertible fact.. "Do you know them well?" ventured the young bride. "Oh, yes," said the mother, "we have seen them thousands of times at Brighton and at Windsor; they are all so proud and stuck up—you never knew such creatures!"—"Indeed," said the bride; "which of them do you know best?"—"we know 'em all," said the youngest daughter. "Lady F—k—d, with her great black eyes, I see very little in her; but as for Lady Augusta, whom they call a beauty, she is the worst of all; and as for pride and—" "Good heavens!" exclaimed the bride, coloring with emotion, and entirely off her guard, "who *can* you mean—my own sister Augusta, or my brother Frederick's wife?" Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of the travellers they could not have felt more appalled and conscience-stricken. Nothing now was left but to make apologies, the most abject, the most humble, to the fair creature whom their ignorance and ill-nature had so much shocked. Professions of loyalty and attachment to the sovereign, entreaties for forgiveness, were showered upon the flushing and astonished Lady F—k—d, as, with that bewitching smile, half serious half comic, so well known to the inmates of her family, and so peculiar to each of its members, she relinquished her own bed to the sisters, and throwing herself on a pile of cushions, bid them all good night. London Court Journal.

There is now living in Spitalfields an undertaker whose christian name is Mark Antony. A wag observing a funeral attended by this personage, and forgetting the solemnity of the passing scene, applied to his friend the words of Brutus over the dead body of Cæsar:—"Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Anthony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying."

Varieties.

From the English papers received at the Office of the Spirit of the Times.

The new novel entitled "Uncle Horace" is not written, as some persons supposed, by "my daughter Fanny," nor is Twiss the hero of the tale. We mention this that the public may not be misled, and to remove the opinion erroneously entertained that Mrs. Butler had been bespattering poor Horace with Anglo-American slaver, in return for the flummery he has at different times written about her, in his capacity of penny-a-liner to the *Mourning Post*. Satirist.

It is a well authenticated fact that the late Duchess of St. Albans drank in the last twenty years of her life upwards of *twenty thousand* bottles of sherry;—her consumption averaged *three* bottles per day! There is a particular wine in the docks, remarkable for its great strength and full flavor, named after her, and known as the "Duchess Sherry."

There is much speculation just now about the marriage of Queen Victoria, and it is stated that she can marry whom she pleases; but the Dowager Adelaide must receive the consent of the Queen before she re-enters the state of matrimony. Lord Howe is a widower, and Adelaide is known to entertain a great attachment for him; and appearances are now getting rather monstrous, as the Court Newsman informs us that "preparations are making at Gopsal Hall, the seat of Earl Howe, for the reception of the Queen Dowager." It is confidently rumored that the marriage will take place as soon as circumstances permit.

On its being remarked to Lady Glengall that Ireland was celebrated for its pork, she replied, "and for its *beef* too, it we may judge from the number of *bulls* yearly imported.

Among the articles of *virtu* (not virtue) which adorn the mansion of the Countess of Blessington at Kensington, is an exquisite production of modern art, entitled "The Conversion of St. Francis." Query, is not the "saint" a misprint for "Sir?"

"Your Majesty," said the scientific Sussex, "seems to be gazing at vacancy." "Indeed!" replied Victoria, with all that *naivete* for which she is remarkable, "I really thought I was only gazing at *you*." The Duke's whiskers have retained the blush ever since. Rowland's Kalydor is in requisition.

The Windsor *Taglioni* is creating a great sensation on the road. Instead of three hours and a half, the allotted time for the old dillys, Taglioni glides over the ground within the two. This "killing" pace is quite sufficient to recommend it to the Windsor ladies, independent of the crack whips who guide the *ribbons*.

The worthy John Ketch of Leipzig was asked by one of his chums what was his favorite vegetable. "A *Jerusalem Hart-I-choke* to be sure," replied Johonnes. "Then you would take it, I suppose, with *ketchup*," rejoined the jail-bird. Jack placed his index on the left jugular very significantly.

A good joke at the expense of Sibthorpe's whiskers was made at the late election for Lincoln. On the Colonel commencing the canvass of an elector, he was asked whether he was willing to "go the whole hog?" Another of the voters who stood near saved the Colonel the trouble of a reply. "I don't know," said the fellow bluntly, "whether he will *go* the whole hog, but I know he'll *look* it." The Colonel did not stay to prosecute his canvass.

A Dispute between Men of Honor.—'Sawyer,' said the scorbutis youth, in a loud voice.

'Well, Noddy,' replied Mr. Bob Sawyer.

'I should be very sorry, Sawyer,' said Mr. Noddy, 'to create any unpleasantness at my friend's table, and much less at yours, Sawyer—very; but I must take this opportunity of telling Mr. Gunter that he's no gentleman.

'And I should be very sorry, Sawyer, to create any disturbance in the street you reside,' said Mr. Gunter; 'but I'm afraid I shall be under the necessity of alarming the neighbors by throwing the person who has just spoken out of the window.

'What do you mean by that, sir?' inquired Mr. Noddy.

'What I say,' replied Mr. Gunter.

'I should like to see you do it, sir,' said Mr. Noddy.

'You shall *feel* me do it in half a minute, sir,' replied Mr. Gunter.

'I request that you'll favor me with your card, sir,' said Mr. Noddy.

'I'll do nothing of the kind, sir,' replied Mr. Gunter.

'Why not, sir?' inquired Mr. Noddy.

'Because you'll stick it up over your chimney-piece, and delude your visiters into the false belief that a gentleman has been to see you, sir,' replied Gunter.

'Sir, a friend of mine shall wait on you in the morning,' said Mr. Noddy.

'Sir, I'm very much obliged to you for the caution, and I'll leave particular directions with the servant to lock up the spoons. Good evening, Mr. Noddy,' replied Mr. Gunter. Pickwick Papers.

The following tempting invitation appears upon a window at a gin palace in the Elysian neighborhood of Seven-dials:—"Stop! stop! stop! Here you may get the regular knock-me-down, sow-me-up, do-me-brown, ask-me-how, come-it-strong, out-and-out, genuine never split, cream of the valley, price twopence the glass, including a rusk and a dash of carraways."

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.—*A City Solon.*—A case occurred at the Mansion-House on Monday, which seems to require remark and explanation: the presiding magistrate was Sir Peter Laurie, a fact that may account for the course adopted. A woman was brought up for having been drunk, and having created a disturbance in Aldgate workhouse; and it appeared from the statement of the overseer, that the parish had for a series of years supported her husband, herself and her children. Sufficient evidence was produced to show that she deserved correction; and it was also asserted that her husband was of drunken and idle habits, but no charge of any kind was preferred against him. Nevertheless, Sir Peter Laurie took upon himself to order the committal of the man with his wife for a week; the man remonstrated, urged his willingness to work for his family, and said that he was actually on his way to his work, but merely attended on behalf of his wife. When he farther observed that there was no accusation against himself, but only against his wife, Sir Peter replied that there was a charge against him of not supporting his family. Certainly none such appears to have been made by the officers, and the man attended voluntarily, not expecting that he should be involved in the punishment. It may have been well deserved, but it does not follow that it was legally inflicted; and Sir Peter might at least have waited until the parish authorities, finding that the man's declaration of willingness to work was unfounded, preferred some complaint. This may furnish a profitable job to some speculative attorney, and certainly Sir Peter deserves to be trounced.

Specimen of Hibernian Civilization.—At Marlborough-street, on Wednesday, Lawrence Flannagan and James Callaghan, came before the magistrates, to settle a case of assault.

Magistrate: What do you complain of Flannagan?

Larry: Your Honor, Jim Callaghan bate the life out o' me, and murthered me entirely every day this week, and be the same token he calls me a transporting thief.

Magistrate: And what do you do to provoke all this?

Larry: Not the laste thing in life, barring the axing for my own lawful wife, which he keeps away from me in his room.

Magistrate: Why does he call you thief?

Larry: Bekase I prosecuted Paddy Hogan for staling eight shillings and me bakky-box, Jim Callaghan swears he'll have satisfaction for that same, and I'm in danger of me life wid him and his gang.

Callaghan: Spake the truth, Larry, and shame the divil. Paddy Hogan never tuk your bakky-box; you threw it at him when the dhrop of drink was in ye.

Magistrate: What business have you to keep his wife from him?

Callaghan: She runs into my room wid her life when Larry hot her wid bricks and stones, and wollup her wid the broomstick.

Larry: My wife's to the fore, yer Honner, and ax her if I ill trate her. Now and then, may be, I give her a taste of the broom, but she likes me all the better after the bating.

Magistrate: What has she done?

Larry: She gets into me room just before I come home to dinner, and, saving your presence, she leaves a spit bang on the table every day.

The Bench decided on fining the defendant 5s. and costs.

Bell's Life in London.

One of the flags at a late public meeting in Canada bore the inscription, "Our children and our *other* domestic manufactures."

A humorous anecdote is related that an Irish conjuror or ventriloquist, named Ray, but who called himself "Le Sieur Ray," was to exhibit before the King (George the Third) and Queen, but he refused to perform his grand deception till the Queen said *cockalorum*, in which he pretended the charm consisted; her Majesty declined, but the King was so bent on the great astonishment, that he turned to her good-naturedly and exclaimed, "Say *cockalorum*, Charlotte, say *cockalorum*."

We are told that a very curious and singular festival is celebrated once a year at Brussels. "Every wife undresses her husband, places him on her back, and carries him to bed to the tune of the hurdy gurdy. On the next day the husbands invite their wives' relations and entertain them with much generosity." As Leopold is now at the British Court, we trust that this ceremony will not escape the inquiring mind of her gracious Majesty; and as Leopold is declared to be the chief adviser of the Queen, we have no doubt he will give a full explanation. As his wife is with him he might afford a practical illustration of the ceremony. Satirist.

Miss Martineau should step forward to check the multiplicity of matrimonial advertisements. A person describing himself as possessed of "a moral and religious character, whose disposition will bear the strictest investigation, is desirous of meeting with a lady similarly circumstanced, and he presumes the happiest consequences will be the result." The consequences of a marriage are generally a family; and we do not doubt but that the blending of morality and religion will tend greatly to expedite such a consummation. The pious, of course, only obey the divine injunction to "increase and multiply," from a feeling of the most profound piety; it is but regarded as a duty.

We have read of no frightful accidents from the use of fire-arms, which, considering the number of cockneys who assume the dress of sportsmen, is really wonderful. One trifling mishap, however, is recorded; a gentleman's servant was shot in the neck instead of a partridge, as he was riding behind his master's carriage. John, nevertheless, was quite "game," and bore his misfortune with great equanimity.

Lord Melbourne, it appears, is very solicitous about the Queen's marrying, and has repeatedly alluded to the subject with a pressing earnestness that she should, with as little delay as is consistent with propriety, enter into that state of holy bondage which would lead in all probability to the effectual severment of the Cumberland connexion. On a late occasion of the Premier's repeating his wishes, her Majesty, assuming a tone of good-natured firmness, said, "My Lord Melbourne, if within the next two years you refer to this subject again, I will immediately marry the Duke of Wellington!" The noble lord has not since, we are assured, alluded to the subject.

"You are *ten* times better than Stultz," observed the charming Mrs. Snip to Bozzy Granville. "My beloved madam," replied the sleek-headed empiric, "that is nothing surprising when it is remembered that my valued friend is but the *ninth* part of a man."

"You do not surely mean," observed Alvanley to a tradesman, 'to *question* my credit?" "No," rejoined the man of business, "and if I did it would not *answer* me." Alvanley departed.

Notwithstanding the awful falls experienced by several of the Judges, in their attempts to "witch the world with noble horsemanship," a barrister broke his neck last week, in consequence of being thrown from his neighing steed. These events ought to be a warning to the profession. A lawyer of all men has peculiar reasons for deprecating being cut off by sudden death, as it were in the very "blossom of his sins," with "all his imperfections on his head." A "long day" with him to make up his account with Satan seems very desirable.

THE POPE AT HOME.—His holiness the Pope, according to the report of a medical traveller, is no dull, dry-lipped, parchment-looking personage, but a merry old gentleman as one would desire to encounter. He especially enjoys a joke, and sometimes makes very good ones for the enjoyment of others. Were he resident in this country he would certainly take in our journal. The medical voyageur alluded to relates that at his interview with his Holiness, the latter discoursed with great gusto on mundane matters, and perpetrated a very tolerable pun at the expense of the Roman bank, by saying it would soon be *bankrupt*. He treated even the cholera with levity, although *that* the Romans in general regard as no joke. Somebody who was anxious about the preservation of so sacred a person, recommended him to wash his body over with oil and vinegar; on which his Holiness remarked that "it only wanted a little salt to make a salad of him." The travellers, Romans and all, were in a roar. Can there be a more light-hearted, pleasant old man? or could we possibly recognise in this picture the "beast sitting on the seven hills?" We should be thankful if our own high priests were half as facetious. Catch Philpotts joking after this kindly fashion. The bench of Bishops do not chuckle except inwardly. Now, we are apt to think that if there were more fun, there would be more Christianity.

LOVE.—Liston Bulwer copied the following into his damsel's album the other evening, declaring it to be the most delicious truth that ever came across the Atlantic:—"What a man, and never in love! pshaw! such a man must have a heart of ice, a soul as lifeless as a corn-cob, the gizzard of a goose, and a head as sappy as a cocoa-nut."

REFORM IN ORTHOGRAPHY.—The Worcester Guardian says "a frank has been most innocently displayed in the window of an inn in this city, directed by a newly elected M. P. (not of a family party, but of a party family) to ——, Esq., *Solicitor*, at ——. A gentleman of this city who is wont to set the table in a roar, said, 'Just like these Whigs! give them an *inch* and they are sure to take an *L*.'"

A BULL.—When General O'Kelly was introduced to Louis XIV., soon after the battle of Fontenoy, his Majesty observed that Clare's regiment behaved well in that engagement. "Sire," said the General, "they behaved well, it is true, but my regiment behaved better, for *we* were *all killed*."

The following pithy paragraph appears in the Morning Post:—"We call attention to the letter of 'A Constant Reader' on the subject of steamboat accidents. We dislike extreme measures, but our opinion briefly is, that an engineer should be hanged every week, and a proprietor every fortnight, till the accidents cease. The executions could not last long. Age.

A DISCONSOLATE HOUSE.—A certain senator, whom it were charity to allow his name "to rest in the shade," was asked the other day, at Cheltenham, by a parvenu from the East, how Mrs. —— was? (she had been ailing some time.) "Why, my dear fellow," said the M. P., "mine is a peculiar, and I may say a pitiful case. My wife fears she shall die, and I fear she will not, which makes a most disconsolate house.

Two widowers recently condoling on their recent loss of partners, one said his case was peculiarly distressing, having lived with his wife on terms of such happiness that the last day of her life was as happy as the first. "There I beat you," said his friend; "the last day of my wife's life was much the happiest to me."

CHUMMY IN DISTRESS.

At Marlborough-street, on Wednesday, a half-starved lad, in the dress of a chimney-sweeper, was brought before Mr. Chambers, charged with having been found sleeping about the streets. The boy for some time had been seen by the police wandering about the streets by day, and lying in doorways at night, and out of humanity he was taken to the station-house, in hopes of mending his condition.

Mr. Chambers—Well, my poor lad, what can I do for you?

Boy—Nobody can't do nuffin. I aint got no friends, nor nobody what cares a cus for me.

Why don't you try to get work?

'Cause it isn't of no use. I couldn't yarn a farden if I verked till I busted, because I'm grown out on it.

What do you mean?

Vy, I'm too big for chimbly climbing, and I ain't big enough for jcurney vork; so ven I offers my sarvices to a master sweep he tells me I'm not vorth a bunch of dogs meat in the line.

I suspect that there is something more against you than your size. You've lost your character, and that's the reason the trade don't employ you. Come now, hav'n't you been detected in plundering the contractor by stealing ashes out of dust-holes?

Ve never considers a gemman has been guilty of stealing the stuff out of dust holes until he's been regular convicted, vich nobody can't prove, as I never vos. I won't go to say as I hav'n't done a summut in the dusting line, vich ve calls "slanging," but it vas a werry little.

I thought so; you can't get work because you've acted dishonestly. I do not know what to do for you, but I certainly cannot leave you to perish in the streets.

Chimbly vork is werry different now to vot it vos. Affore I vos bound there vorn't a better business in the hole vorld. A prentice, in five year, could save enough to by his kit, sitch as a scraper, brush and soot-bag, and so he could begin business for himself; or may be if he vos werry lucky, he'd save enough tin to buy a donkey and cart, and to go into the garden-stuff perfession, and make his fortin at once; but now if ve sweeps from the top to the bottom of a house, nobody don't give no browns, and werry seldom even a drink of swipes.

Mr. Chambers asked the boy if he would like to go into the Refuge for the destitute, at Hoxton, and on receiving a reply in the affirmative, immediately wrote a letter to the Governor of the establishment, and dispatched a policeman, accompanied by the boy, with the recommendation. Bell's Life in London.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

MR. EDITOR,—As the kernal of the City Militia, I beg to send you an account of my military soldiery after game yesterday, the first day of September.

Your obedient servant. SIR CLOD HUNTER,
September 24, 1837. Baronet, Alderman, and Kernal.

Had my kernal's uniform put in trim, my musket cleaned, and a new flint fitted. Found that it would not go off without being loaded, and after I had eaten a shoulder of veal, with some trifling extraordinaries, I mounted my charger. I could get no other pointer but a Newfoundland dog, which was got by a mastiff out of a French poodle. Put up at the Mermaid, and then crossed over Hackney fields; met no partridges, but a countryman told me there was a covey of eight, with two old ones, about a mile off. I cocked my musket, and when I came to the place, found it to be a tailor named Partridge, with his wife and eight young snips. Went over towards Newington; saw some sparrows in a field, and tied my dog to my leg lest he should run in and frighten them away. Fired, and I think I made some feathers fly—sorry I did not kill a few, as I have heard that sparrows make a good lark pudding. Reloaded, and think I put in powder first; at all events, to make all sure, loaded twice over. Saw a hare, as I thought—fired, and was knocked down by my musket kicking, and was convinced I had killed her; but on coming to bag the game, found it to be the hairy cap of a drunken sailor lying nearing it. Crossed towards Highbury Barn; found a dead pigeon, and espied a curious bird on a perch at a distance—stole unobserved to within ten yards of its tail, as it is not better to let birds see you—fired, and rushed in to secure it, when my leg got caught in a man trap, and I had two guineas to pay for killing an old macaw. Felt very lame, and hobbled on leisurely to Hornsea; observed a number of splendid water-fowl in a pond; crept in ambuscade, as I should not have been able to pursue them far; pulled my trigger, and secured a fine old drake—was chased by an old woman, and never ran away faster in my life. Bagged my drake with my pigeon, and didn't turn my back until I reached the Mermaid.

Travelled *incog.* to the Mermaid, and was taken, I suspect, for some great person; but did not satisfy them that I was the first military soldier in the metropolis. Left my charger and sporting animal for my servant to fetch home, and returned by omnibus. London Satirist.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 28, 1837.

THE RACES NEXT WEEK,

Over the Union Course, Long Island, are likely to "take the rag off" from any thing of the kind we have had this season. THE NORTH is pretty strong yet, notwithstanding Post Boy, Dosoris, Reindeer, Ajax, African, Tarquin, Cadmus, and others are amiss. THE SOUTH was never stronger than at this moment, and the allied forces of Maryland and the Old Dominion are approaching in all their strength, with "NAPOLEON" at their head. Col. JOHNSON has experienced a sad disaster in the breaking down of *Mary Blunt*. She has strained both tendons of her near fore leg, and been turned out until next Fall, so that she and *Mingo* will never come together, as he retires from the Turf at the close of the present campaign. We learn from those who know best the capabilities of Mary Blunt, that she had more foot this Fall by three seconds per mile than she had last Spring; and we know it is the opinion of Col. Johnson, of Arthur Taylor, and Belcher, and others connected with that splendid stable, that it has not for ten years contained a nag that could live with her in four mile heats. Could she have met Mingo next Friday on the Union Course, and they had both been in tip top condition, the *Bascombe* and *Post Boy* match, fine as it was, would not have been comparable with their race, for time;—7:45 would not have won it for the phenomenon of the North or the nonpareil of the South. The fact is, our horses and our trainers also, have immensely improved within two years, until 7:50 has got to be merely a pretty fair rate. Why in 1835 the best four mile race in the Union was Post Boy's 7:52 each heat, beating Bay Maria, and Black Heath, since which has been made 7:41—7:46 three times—7:47 two or three times, and a *third* heat in 7:47! Ten years since it took "a perfect Hoosier of a horse" to trot a mile in three minutes. Now there is hardly a decent livery stable in town that cannot turn out nags that will do it on the road, while on the Turf it can be done by three or four in 2:30; and it is believed that *Edwin Forrest* HAS done it in 2:27.

Among the Southern stables expected here next week, are those of Messrs. Johnson, Wynn, Heth, Selden, Townes, Kirby, Kendall, and Hare, and very probably we may have drafts from those of Messrs. Garrison, Stockett, Wilson, Thompson and White. They are in great force. Col. JOHNSON has *Atalanta, Boston*, his Polly Peacham filly, Mr. HARE's *Champaign*, and another, possibly *Argyle*. Col. WYNN has *Picton*—Col. SELDEN *Lady Cliffden* and *Red Rat*—Col. HETH, *Decatur* and *Gift*—Mr. TOWNES, *Eloise* and another Luzborough—Mr. KIRBY, some half a dozen young things—Mr. KENDALL, *Camsidell, Henry A. Wise*, Mr. TOWNES' *Black Bird*, and several more. We have named the prominent nags only, that ere this are on their way, but enough o satisfy the most incredulous that the winners will have to earn their money at this meeting.

Unfortunate as the season has proved to several, and indeed, almost all our Northern stables, about half of our best nags being amiss or entirely knocked up, there are enough left yet to face "the enemy," and give our Southern friends a warm reception. New Jersey sends to the rescue the "Champion of the North," whose very name "strikes terror to the souls of fearful adversaries," and LAIRD, the shrewd Lieutenant of a gallant General brings up a corps de reserve in *Betsey Andrew, Patience*, and a phalanx of young ones. Capt. STOCKTON sends *Langford, Bergen, Middlesex*, and two or three more; Mr. GIBBONS, *Merrygold*, probably; Mr. VAN MATER brings *Manalopan* and some young things, and there are several other stables on their way, which we expect will "speak for themselves," and thereby save us the trouble of enumerating them beforehand.

On the Island, "if nothing happens," the combined forces will be pretty strong. Four days before the last meeting about half of the most promising horses in training broke down in trials. Up to the morning of our going to press, however, no "crack" that we have calculated on had gone amiss. Mr. JOHN C. STEVENS' *Fanny Wyatt* and *Bonny Black* had reached home from Baltimore a few days before, and were feeling and looking "all right" on Thursday. *Ethiopia*, in the same stable, ditto. Mr. ROBERT L. STEVENS' string are all doing well; *Tom Moore* is looking ripe for mischief, and *Henry* is intending paying his addresses to Lady Cliffden on the three mile day, and rumor says it will be a match. There is *Antoinette* and two or three more in the same string. Mr. TILLOTSON's own brother to Coronet, in the match against the own brother to Post Boy, is said to be "as fine as silk;" Post Boy himself is lame, and will not start. Mr. WILKES' stable, including *Gypsey, Cadmus, Tarquin*, and an imported bay filly by Mulatto, are a "dark lot." Gypsey and the imported filly are the only two that can be relied upon, the other two not having been right this season. Messrs. BOTTS, JONES, PEARSALL, SNEDICOR, VAN COTT, ABBOTT, and others, have small strings of young things, and some of them very promising, to swell the "Army of the North," so that after all, beating us won't be quite so easy as falling off a log.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA FALL RACES.

Correspondents and friends enable us to give this week the result of the races up to the latest date. The attendance on the first day was very numerous, as it ought to have been, though very little interest was attached to the two Sweepstakes by the "knowing ones," as *Picton* and *Eloise* were last week backed at 2 to 1 to win them, in this city. The time made was very capital for the Camden track, which will be, in a few years, one of the best in the country.

TUESDAY, Oct. 24, 1837—*Camden Course*, N. J., opposite Philadelphia.—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. (New York weights). Seven subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.

Wm. Townes' ch. f. *Eloise*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Wasp by Don Quixotte	1	1
Isham Puckett's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Lagrange by Sir Archy	2	2
Maj. Wm. Jones' b. c. by Sir Lovel, out of Eleanor by Eclipse	3	dis

Time, 1:49—1:48.

A very fine race between the two Luzboroughs—the first of that stock that ever made a track on the Northern Turf, and a good beginning they have made. The winner is a beautiful creature, and we hope to see her here next week.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies; weights as before. Four subs. at $500 each, $200 ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c. *Picton*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy	0	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. f. by Sir Charles, d. Polly Peacham by John Richards	0	2	2

Time, 3:46—3:50—4:01.

A splendid race deperately contested, the first being a dead heat. This race concludes *Picton's* engagements, he having received forfeit in one Sweepstakes and won four others this season, netting for his owner, Col. WYNN, very near $20,000. The old veteran about half promised last week at Baltimore, that if Picton won this his last engagement, he would enter him next week on Long Island the Four mile day. We trust to see him in that race, in company with *Mingo, Atalanta*, and *Fanny Wyatt*.

We are glad that the attendance on the second day was quite "up to the mark," and that our friends and his friends gave Mr. FRIEND a house warming at his new hotel. A considerable number of ladies attended as on the previous day, and distracted the attention of many a staid bachelor from the sports of the day, by their peerless beauty and witching smiles, bless 'em. Here's the result:—

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 25.—Match, $400; weights as before; Mile heats.

John Cochran's ch. c. by Busiris, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs	1	1
S. M. Leiper's br. f. by Busiris, dam by Young Archibald, 3 yrs	2	2

Time, 1:54—1:57.

SAME DAY.—Match, $10,000 a-side, $3,000 ft. Four mile heats.
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. *Lady Cliffden*, by Sussex, dam by Ratray, 4 yrs. 101lbs., received forfeit from Col. Wade Hampton's ch. f. *Charlotte Russe*, by Sir Charles, dam by Cicero, own sister to Trifle, same age and weight. Charlotte Russe was named in this match without her owner's knowledge, and engagements in South Carolina prevented an acceptance of it.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*.—Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—and aged 126lbs., with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

J. B. Kendall's (E. Townes') bl. m. *Black Bird*, by Arab, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.	4	1	1
Col. Jas. M. Selden's ch. c. *Red Rat*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs	1	3	3
S. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) gr. f. *Patience*, by Medley, dam by Sir Solomon, 4 yrs.	2	2	2
B. Willet's br. h. *Tranby*, by John Richards, dam by Hickory, 6 yrs	3	dr	

Time, 3:50—3:46—3:52.

A slapping race stoutly contested each heat. Black Bird was the favorite.

THURSDAY, Oct. 26.—Purse $500, free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. c. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam, by Ball's Florizel, 4 yrs	1	1
S. Laird's (for Executors) ch. f. *Betsey Andrew*, by Andrew, out of Farmer's Damsel (Henry Archy's dam) by Eclipse, 3 yrs	2	2
Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c. *Picton*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	dr	

Time, 5:51—6:02.

In the Philadelphia papers Col. WYNN's filly *Tipton*, and not *Picton*, is said to have been drawn. No other particulars received.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*.—Purse $100, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

D. Toms' ch. h. by Eclipse, dam by Alfred, 5 yrs	1	1
J. H. Helling's ch. c. *Carroll*, by Sir Charles, out of Charles Kemble's dam, 4 yrs	2	2
O. Willett's br. h. *Tranby*, pedigree above, 6 yrs	3	3
Samuel Miller's br. h. *Paul Jones*	dis	

Time, 1:51—1:52—1:57.

The *time* of three heats is given in the "Pennsylvanian," and the "placing" of *two* only!

The entries for the four mile day were *Mingo, Atalanta*, and *Lady Cliffden*.

Death of Floranthe.—We regret to state that JOHN C. STEVENS, Esq., of this city, lost his fine mare *Floranthe*, on Sunday last. She died of internal inflammation. On the week previous the same gentleman lost a fine yearling colt by Terror, out of Floranthe's dam. Floranthe was 7 years old, and was own sister to Goliah, Dosoris, and others, being got by Eclipse, out of Miss Walton (otherwise Lady of the Lake) by Mendoza (brother of Sir Walter), by Hickory.

☞ Several sales of valuable Blood Stock are advertised to take place at the Union Course next week. JOHN W. WATSON & Co., of Tattersalls, are the auctioneers. Who knows but they may knock down to some lucky young turfman another *Post Boy* for $700.

☞ Two fast untried trotting nags are offered for sale. Any gentleman wanting a three minute roadster, can supply himself "like winking," by giving us a check with three figures on it that we shall name. Don't all speak at once!

There will be some fine *Trotting* on the Centreville Course next week. Be wide awake and quick on the trigger, and you may see the racing and trotting both each day.

Rowton.—This splendid imported horse has just reached Dr. MERRITT's, at Hicksford, Va., after making two very profitable seasons at Col. HAMPTON's breeding establishment, near Columbia, S. C. Mr. F. P. GEROW, who had him in charge, informs us that he left him in fine health. He will carry back *Luzborough* or *Emancipation* to South Carolina, to supply Rowton's place. Rowton's colts in this country and in England have proved exceedingly fine, and the last number of Bell's Life in London speaks of him and *Glencoe* as the two finest horses exported from England.

Shark, we understand, has lately arrived at the late Mr. CRAIG's stables near Philadelphia, from Mr. GOODE's breeding stud at Boydton, Va. The promise of his colts here is such that considerable anxiety is felt among breeders to secure his services at the North next season.

Match for $1000 aside—Blue Black *vs.* Turnbull.

LAFAYETTE COURSE (Augusta, Ga.) Oct. 17, 1837.

Dear P.—HAMMOND is again triumphant. A match race, for one thousand dollars a-side, came off over the above course this day, at half-past 12 o'clock, and resulted as follows:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 17, 1837.—*Lafayette Course*, Augusta, Ga. Match, $1000 a-side, h. ft. Two mile heats.

M. L. Hammond's (Lewis Lovell's) bl. g. *Blue Black*, by Van Tromp, dam by Sir Archy, 6 yrs. 117lbs	1	1
Griffin Edmondson's gr. h. *Turnbull*, by Phenomenon, dam by Sir Andrew, 5 y. 112lbs.	2	2

Time, 3:46 each heat. Track 33 feet over a mile.

When you take into consideration the fact that the track is 33 feet over a mile, and that Old Blue won each heat in 3:46 under a hard pull, you must agree it is by several seconds faster than ever was, or ever will be run over it again. Both horses, when stripped, appeared in fine condition. Yours truly, T. O. G.

BALTIMORE (Md.) FALL RACES.

Over the Central Course, commenced on the 17th inst., and appear to have been less attended than usual, to our great regret. The "Daily Chronicle" furnishes *the substance* of the report annexed:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 17, 1837.—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Fifteen subs. at $1000 each, $250 ft. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c. *Picton*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, the dam of *Drone, Anvil, Harkaway, Martha Washington*, and other good ones	1	1
Otway P. Hare's ch. c. *Chifney*, by Sir Charles, out of Miss Maxcy	2	2
G. W. Johnson's b. f. own sister to Collier (by Sir Charles, dam by Whip)	3	3

Time, 3:53 each heat.

The betting was very dull to-day. The style in which Picton had won all his previous races caused him to be the favorite at a long odds. Chifney, it was said, had won the sweepstakes at Newmarket on Tuesday last, in time so short that no watch could keep pace with him, and, therefore, no one could tell how long or how short a time he was at it. The full sister to Collier was out of the market—though some supposed, that as she was entered by Colonel Johnson's son, and run by Napoleon himself, there was something in her.

First Heat.—Chifney had the track, which however was soon occupied by Picton, who mounted the hill ahead. Just before they entered on the run home, on the first mile Chifney and Johnson's filly went past Picton, without seemingly an effort on his part to prevent it. For a moment his friends looked blank, but as soon as he got on the stretch, he rushed up to them and passed the judges' stand ahead. In a few seconds he was clear in front, and as he rose the hill was a length before. He kept widening the distance between them, till he turned for home, when the boy pulled him up and he galloped to the stand.

Second Heat.—They got a beautiful start. At the rise of the hill Picton showed himself clear ahead, and followed closely by Chifney, he run the first mile, when he left them, and they were soon far behind. It was evident the others could not make him run a jump, and on the quarter stretch he pulled back and let the others in their distance.

The performance of Picton this day, satisfied all who could tell "a thing or two" that wherever he enters he will be more likely to "lead than drive." Col. Wynn pocketted on this occasion $1,750 clear of his own stake.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18—The CRAIG PLATE of $500 value, winner to take plate or money at his option; free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged 121lbs., mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. Wynn's b. f. *Tipton*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Director, 3 yrs	1	1
Col. James M. Selden's ch. c. *Red Rat*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs	2	2
George D. Stockett's b. f. *Mary Selden*, by Sussex, out of Glorvina's dam, 4 yrs	3	3

Time, 3:49—3:51.

This was a very pretty race. At the signal they all went off well together, and on leaving the pickets Red Rat passed ahead, which station he maintained till just before entering on the run home, when Tipton slipped passed him.—They made a very pretty run of it down the stretch, and at the judges' stand Red Rat was in first—the mile being run in 1:50. The struggle told on the Rat, and on rising the hill Tipton rushed up to him and side and side they made the run down the back stretch. It was a beautiful thing, and Mary Selden, at times was ranged just in a line with them so that Baron Munchausen might have strung the riders through the nose with his celebrated ramrod. On the turn Tipton drew out from them followed by Red Rat, Mary Selden pulling back. It was now a sure thing for Tipton, and at a pealing rate she came home three lengths ahead—Red Rat next, Mary Selden well up—much further than the owner desired. Time of the heat, 3:49. The shortest time ever made over this course but once, when Mazeppa run it also in 3:49.

There was nothing now but a fall down or break down that could keep Tipton from winning, and when she came to the stand she looked "very much like a race horse," as a sharp-eyed one remarked. He again got a very fair start, and again Red Rat took his place in front. On the top of the hill Tipton and Mary Selden both went up alongside of him, and again Baron Munchausen with his ramrod, could have had a beautiful shot. On the turn Tipton showed her nose in front, and as they swung round the corner for the run home Mary Selden was second, and was putting it down very hard. Tipton showed her heels at the rise of the hill and shot ten yards ahead and was fast widening the distance, when the boy took a strong pull on her. Red Rat now walked up by a few touches of the spur, made a very pretty run, passed Mary Selden, and got within two lengths of Tipton, when the boy loosened his rein, and away she went.—They kept up their pace till within the distance, when Tipton was drawn up a little and passed the judges' stand the winner of the heat and plate; Red Rat second; Mary Selden well within the distance. Time, 3:51.

THURSDAY, Oct. 19.—Purse $500, ent. $30, free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. c. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Florizel, 4 yrs	1	1
James B. Kendall's br. m. *Camsidel*, by Industry, dam by Sir Hal, 6 yrs	3	2
James S. Garrison's bl. h. *Cippus*, by Industry, dam by Mark Antony, 5 yrs	2	3
James M. Selden's ch. c. *Red Rat*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs	dr	

Time, 5:51—6:08. Red Rat showed evident marks of lameness.

The Course was well attended to-day, and a number of ladies graced the pavillion. The betting was very dull and at large odds in favor of Boston. Cippus, when stripped, showed that he was too *low*, and he went entirely out of the market. Boston was in very fine condition and Camsidel looked as if she was up to the mark.

At the start Cippus took the lead, and maintained it till passing down the back stretch, when Boston went up, and finding he could pass with ease, the boy took a pull and drew him back. At the half mile stake he went up again, and passed by without a struggle, and came home three lengths ahead, Camsidel just dropping within her distance.

The second heat Camsidel took the lead, Boston trailing her till he rose the hill on the third mile, when he went up, took the track and rushed down the back stretch ahead. Cippus here made a run at them, but it was not in him, he could not even get up to Camsidel. At a steady stride Boston came home, Camsidel two lengths behind, and Cippus at ten yards in the rear.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20.—Jockey Club Purse $1000, ent. $30, free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. *Atalanta*, by Industry, out of Nancy Norwood by Ratler, 5 yrs	1	1
John C. Stevens' ch. f. *Fanny Wyatt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs	2	2
Maj. James M. Selden's ch. f. *Lady Cliffden*, by Sussex, dam by Ratray, 4 yrs	3	3
James B. Kendall's b. c. *Master Henry*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs	dis	

Time, 7:50—7:56.

In quoting the annexed details from the "Daily Chronicle," it appears incumbent on us to state several circumstances connected with this race, which are unnoticed by our contemporary.

It will be a matter of general surprise that *Atalanta* and *Lady Cliffden*, who up to the day of the race had been trained in the same stable, were both entered for it, when a fundamental Rule of the Maryland Jockey Club, (and indeed of every Club in "regular standing") expressly declares that—

"No two Riders from the same stable shall be allowed to ride in the same race; *nor shall two horses trained in the same stable be allowed to start in the same race*. Nor shall any two or more horses start for the same purse, even if in different stables, if owned in whole, or in part, by the same person or persons."

Gen. EMORY, when he sold *Lady Cliffden*, for $2500, to Col. JOHNSON and Maj. SELDEN, disposed of her "racing qualities" only, and she reverts to him when withdrawn from the turf. Col. J. on the evening before this race expressed an intention of reserving Lady Cliffden for Camden, and of entering Atalanta, whereupon Maj. Selden, who was anxious to start her, offered to purchase Col. J.'s interest in her, and start her himself, provided no objection was made by the Club. How the Club got over their own *Rule* is more than we can imagine; but their assent *was* given, and no objection made on the part of the two other gentlemen who had made entries: by the bye, the acquiescence of one probably lost him the purse, while the Club have established a precedent which may be seized upon by others upon very different grounds from those which induced the parties here concerned to consider an express provision and article of their Constitution a dead letter, "for this time only, by particular request."—Maj. Selden finally became the owner of the filly, for $2800, subject to her engagement [She is matched against *Charlotte Russe* for $10,000 aside, forfeit $3000, four mile heats, at Camden, this week, and will receive forfeit, as Charlotte Russe is in her owner's stable in South Carolina, the match being totally unauthorised by him, and made without consulting him on the subject.] The above are the material facts which have given rise to a thousand unfounded rumors in circulation.

The editor of the "Daily Chronicle," in the following report of the race, dwells with great propriety upon the astonishing speed of Lady Cliffden, as evidenced by her saving her distance in the first heat after she had been stopped at the end of three miles. He affects to think very little comparatively of the fact that *Fanny Wyatt* lost, in the first place, thirty yards in the start, and without intending to run for the heat never made a stroke for it until Lady Cliffden stopped, when she caught up the running, making up a tremendous gap, and run Atalanta up to the saddle girth, for the first heat. To our poor notion, she might have won the heat had she run for it, and if she had not had thirty yards to make up at starting, she would have done so. This might not have changed the fortunes of the day for ["the"] Napoleon's most glorious victories were achieved after the battle seemed lost.

We have seldom known greater anxiety manifested for the result of any race than for this. The evening before, when the fact was announced that four horses would start, the odds were against any named nag; Lady Cliffden was the favorite against Fanny Wyatt, and for a short time on the morning of the race was taken at odds against Atalanta. Master Henry was set down as but little worth, and large odds were offered, and in some instances taken, that he would be distanced. As the hour of one approached, the backers of Atalanta became more free of their offers, and large sums were staked on her against the field.—She gradually rose in favor, and before starting was backed at 100 to 65 and 70 against the field.

The four horses came to the poll in the following order: Lady Cliffden, Master Henry, Atalanta and Fanny Wyatt. They got off without the tap of the drum, and were brought back. A second start was made, the drum tapped, and three got off, leaving Fanny Wyatt thirty yards behind. Master Henry took the track, which was soon usurped by Lady Cliffden. She darted off with the speed of a deer, and at once it was seen that the saddle had slipped and the boy was riding on her withers. It was a fearful sight. Atalanta rushed after her and chased her down the back stretch, round the turn and up home. The boy on Lady Cliffden, seeing his danger, grasped the mare tight with his knees, and maintained, as well as he could, a steady seat. She led again the second round, and as they passed the stand for the third mile, Atalanta made a rush at her, and was up to her haunches. The run up the hill served to throw her off again, and as they went down the stretch she made another attempt to pass, but in vain. Lady Cliffden maintained her stride, although running under such disadvantage. The press of Atalanta just before they reached the half mile post, was tremendous, and the struggle between her and Lady Cliffden for a moment seemed doubtful, as it was certainly dangerous to the latter's rider. She could not pass! The Lady maintained her place, though Atalanta still pressed on her. The run down the quarter mile stretch was beautiful, and the speed of the horses like the wind. Atalanta finding she could not pass, as she left the thickets her rider took a tight pull on her as if he gave up the heat to Lady Cliffden. At this minute, mistaking this round for the last, the boy on Cliffden pulled her up, and Atalanta rushed by her like lightning! One universal shout from the multitude sent up the cry "go on," but it was not heard till Fanny Wyatt, who had been running some fifty yards in the rear, and Master Henry, who was already a long way out of his distance, had passed Lady Cliffden. Atalanta was now far ahead, and Fanny Wyatt was running up to her with a view to contest the heat, which it was not her intention till this moment, even to run for—she gained on Atalanta, but the gap she had to make up placed her to great disadvantage. Atalanta was at least a distance and a half ahead of Lady Cliffden before the latter started again, and was two distances ahead before she got fully under way. The contest between *Atalanta* and *Fanny Wyatt* was beautiful, but was made by the latter with hardly a hope of winning the heat. To save his distance was now the only object of the rider of Lady Cliffden, and to do this, under these circumstances, seemed beyond the reach of possibility. Atalanta and Fanny Wyatt were going at their utmost speed, but still the Lady gained on them. When the former entered on the stretch home, they had all said, out, not an inch was left. "They are coming home," said a whole-souled turfite, "they are coming like a mighty wind, and yet the little filly gains on them—she runs swift as lightning!" And so it was—Fanny Wyatt pressed hard on Atalanta, who jumped as if she had her all staked on the issue. The vast multitude gazed on in silence, and when Atalanta passed the stand ahead of Fanny Wyatt, not a shout was heard, but all eyes were turned towards Lady Cliffden. "Is she distanced?" was in the mouth of every one. Those in the great stand decided she was, without considering their station but illy qualified them to judge. It was evident that if she had saved her distance, nothing could have prevented her winning the heat, had not the boy stopped her. The last half a mile she had passed over with incredible swiftness, but it was without hope that her friends wished she might have been in. The distance judges reported that she was in! The fact was astounding to many, but nevertheless true. The decision in her favor created astonishment, and of course, gave dissatisfaction to those who had bet against her. Astonishment it might well create, for never, we venture to say, was swifter running made than the last half mile. When we look back upon it now, we can hardly realize the speed with which she passed over the half mile to the distance poll. It was the severest run ever seen, and was so adjudged by many old racers who have seen the best nags run, "man and boy, for forty years." As soon as she was at the poll she was pulled up, and walked to the stand. The water was running off her in a stream on the ground, not a hair on her was dry, and her nostrils seemed as if they were bursting to give vent to her hard drawn breath. Time of the heat, 7:50. The last two miles, according to some watches, were run in 3:44! If this fact be so, and it seems almost incredible, the time of Fanny Wyatt must have been at least two seconds shorter, for she was at least that time behind Lady Cliffden when she passed on the second mile. Taking all together, it was, by far the hardest heat ever run over the Central, and though won by Atalanta, her greatest admirers cannot claim more for her, for that fact, than falls to the lot of Fanny Wyatt and Lady Cliffden for the part they took in it.

Fanny Wyatt, as was to be expected, was much distressed, and so was Atalanta, but neither were in the situation of Lady Cliffden—the last jump appeared to be taken out of her. The betting was all at a stand, for it was now clear that the race was Atalanta's. The time allowed between the heats was used to the best advantage, and in twenty minutes from the time of stopping every person who looked at her was surprised to see how fast Lady Cliffden had recovered, and was then actually pawing the earth as if she had not run a step.—Though conscious that there was barely a possibility of winning, the owner, to gratify those who had bet on her, determined on starting her again. Master Henry, it should have been mentioned before, was a long way out of the distance, but how far we did not see. He was too low in flesh at starting, and run whilst he had a jump in him, the last of which was made somewhere about the half mile stake on the fourth round.

The three started for the second heat—Lady Cliffden could not be held by her rider, and ran in the lead for three miles and two thirds, and was then passed by both Fanny Wyatt and Atalanta. Several severe struggles were made for the lead before this, and up to the moment of passing it seemed doubtful whether it could be done. On passing Lady Cliffden, Atalanta took the lead, and maintained it till she reached the judges' stand, thus winning the heat and purse.—Fanny Wyatt was a length behind her, and Lady Cliffden about three lengths further off. Time, 7:56.

It was one of the best contested races which ever took place in this country, and but for the two mishaps which befel Lady Cliffden, the honor of winning it would have cost Atalanta a greater struggle than that she had to make, if she won it at all.

THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER FOR 1837.

We make room, to the exclusion of several original articles, for the annexed report of the Great St. Leger Race, about which so lively an interest is felt on this side the Atlantic. The report is from Bell's Life in London of Sept. 24th, and will be found exceedingly interesting. The Doncaster meeting commenced on Monday, and continued through the week, but we have room only for the great race to-day:—

The first "race" of the day, to use an Irish phrase, was "a walk over"—so that the main interest was reserved for "the race of races," big with the fate of thousands, to whom it had been a source of anxiety for months before, and which it will be seen was accompanied by circumstances of an extraordinary and painful character; we allude to a serious accident to Scott. Thirteen competitors, it was ascertained, would start; and all these, mounted by their respective jockeys, paraded as usual before the Grand Stand, affording their backers an opportunity to estimate, as far as appearances could go, their respective merits—and as each in turn was distinguished, his name was proclaimed with due emphasis. This ceremony concluded, all were summoned to the starting-post, and after some curvettings were formed in line—when on the word "go" being given, off the major part went; but as some lagged, they were all called back, when on a second attempt the start was more successful; but for the results we must refer to the description of the race, only remarking that on turning round after the awful excitement of "the coming in," in which Sam Day proved himself such a consummate general on "Mango," there was a most indescribable alteration in the physiognomies of some of our neighbors, from the "sour" aspect of many of whom we were induced to think that there was an excess of "acid" in their favorite "pickle," and that they will not be able to "abide" such a "condiment" for some time to come. We also remarked, and we tell no "Lye," that the resuscitation of "Abraham Newland," a man so famous in times of yore on this very spot, seemed to revive recollections anything but agreeable to those who had to part with the "flimsy" representatives of specie issued in the name of his successors. We must here, however, close our descriptive "yarn" of this day's meeting, and will only add, that among the company present we recognized the following:—

The Duke and Duchess of Cleveland, Duke of Leeds, Duke of Portland, Marquis of Westminster, and the Marquis of Exeter: Prince Charles Lichtenstein, Count Hunyady, Count Wabna, Count Bathyany, and Baron Reisach; Lord and Lady Lichfield, Lords Wilton, Suffield, Chesterfield, Newburgh, G. Bentinck, Mexborough, Petre, Leveson, Milton, and Spencer; Hon. —— Boyles, Hons. G. Byng, G. Anson, W. Lascelles, T. O. Powlett, F. Petre, L. Curzon, W. Dundas, —— Ponsonby, F. Saville, J. S. Wortley, J. Dundas, and G. Fitz william; Sirs W. Call, J. Baird, W. B. Cooke, J. Kay, M. Farquahar, T. Sykes, T. Whichcote, J. Burke, T. Broadhead, and F. Wood; Gen. Sharpe; Colonels Peel, Dundas, York, Hill, Stowell, Hawkins, Hancox, Crawford, Cradock, and Thompson; Majors Tempest and Rickaby; Captains Richardson, Sivewright, Pettat, Fairlie, Hunter, Williams, Yea, White, Jones, Elmsail, Yarburgh, Taylor, Ewbank, Bentinck, Ponsonby, Smith, &c.; Messrs. Trafford (three), Fane, Bland, Neville, G. L. Fox, W. L. Fox, Fazakerley, Greville, Payne, Entwistle, S. Fox, Heywood, Higgins, Dolphin, Crommelin, De Blangey, J. Bayly, Bowes, Thornhill, Thornhill, Jun., Portman, R. Peel, E. Denison, T. Walker, W. Scott, M. Millbank, &c.

Wednesday is always a dull day, for it is "settling day," and there are not many congregations for such a purpose that are not calculated to produce fits of the "blue devils" among some of the "dramatis personæ;" and a few of the performers on this occasion "went off," not with "eclat," but with post horses, to seek "the wherewithal" to meet the unexpected demands on the debit side of their accounts. One party, it was said, promised to pay to the tune of £3000 in the south; others were also troubled with "the shorts;" and of the winnings, in all about 25,000*l*., the liquidation of a certain portion was postponed, we trust not "sine die;" for the most honorable cannot at all times be prepared for an unexpected reverse, and often have to wait for others. On inquiry we were glad to find Scott was going on favorably; but the accident to his collar-bone will prevent his "touching collar" for some time, a reflection which renders him not a little "choleric." The racing, it will be seen from our account, was not of the first order; but it is always usual on this day to limit the interest, lest it should interfere with the balancing of accounts. The weather was beautiful, and considering the nature of the attractions, the company was respectable in number and quality.

THE ST. LEGER.

TUESDAY, Sept. 19, 1837.—THE GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 year olds, colts 8st. 6lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. The owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes. St. Leger Course, [one mile, six furlongs, and 132 yards.] 60 subs.

Mr. Greville's br. c. *Mango*, by Emilius, out of Mustard	S. Day.	1
Mr. G. O. Fairlie's ch. c. *Abraham Newland*, by Malek, out of Rachel	T. Lye.	2

THE FOLLOWING WERE NOT PLACED:

Mr. S. Fox's bl. c. *The Doctor*, by Doctor Syntax, dam by Lottery (S. Templeman).
Lord Exeter's b. c. *Dardanelles*, by Sultan, out of Pawn Junior (G. Nelson).
Lord Westminster's br. c. *Cardinal Puff*, by Pantaloon—Puff (G. Edwards).
Lord Exeter's b. c. *Troilus*, by Priam, out of Greenmantle (S. Darling).
Mr. Heseltine's br. c. *Slashing Harry*, by Voltaire—Arinette (Heseltine).
Mr. Osbaldeston's b. c. *Mahometan*, brother to Mussulman, by Muley (J. Robinson).
Duke of Cleveland's br. c. *Henriade*, by Voltaire, out of Matilda (J. Day).
Mr. Bowes' ch. c. *Epirus*, brother to Elis, by Langar—Olympia (W. Scott).
Mr. T. Walter's b. c. *The Prime Warden* by Cadland—Zarina (H. Edwards).
Mr. Thornhill's br. f. *Egeria*, by Emilius—Mangel Wurzel (P. Connelly).
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. c. *Dan Dawson* (late Blakey Topping) by Clinker.

We have above given the result of a St. Leger, of which it has been justly remarked, that it has created smaller interest in the sporting circles and been the subject of less speculation than any other on record. We believe that this falling off is to be traced mainly to the comparatively low character of the horses destined to compete for it. During the whole of the winter months it was a dead letter in the market; and if a few bets were made in the course of the spring, they were confined to Cardinal Puff and Henriade—no other was dreamt of except at Manchester, where we every now and then saw long lists of favorites, which had never been even mentioned in town. As soon as the Derby anxieties were relieved, speculators began, not to bet, but to talk about the St. Leger, and by dint of words the field came out in "strong relief"—that is, Epirus, Slashing Harry, the Doctor, Mahometan, and one or two others, were allowed to figure at certain prices; but those prices were so unfavorable, and backers so shy and few, that several parties who have been in the habit of opening books on the race as a matter of course kept them closed, from a conviction that "no good would come of it," and turned their attention to the more interesting events about to come off at Goodwood. Hence the betting was for a long period "stale, flat, and unprofitable." Subsequent to the Liverpool running, which placed Cardinal Puff in no very favorable colors, business underwent a slight improvement; in fact, there was nothing else to bet about, and we really believe that some speculated on the race, bad as the betting was, simply because "they would be doing something." We had now Cardinal Puff at 7 to 2, and then, with a fearful gap, Slashing Harry, Henriade, Epirus, and the Doctor at 10 or 11 to 1 each; while at 20 to 1 were Prime Warden, Abraham Newland, and Melbourne. In the course of August, Mango, Emprise, and Melbourne joined the second lot, with which the Prime Warden had also a short-lived existence. Melbourne and Emprise were then declared not to start, and their absence from the field supplied by the timely appearance of Troilus, Dardanelles, and Egeria. A week before the race the betting improved amazingly—Epirus came out in earnest, and rose to 3 to 1; Mango's friends, always rather fond, laid it on strong, and Mahometan showed such a bold front, that Vates predicted for him the honors of a triumph. The changes, however, that we are now referring to must be too fresh in the recollection to require us to go further into them; we shall, therefore, proceed to detail what was done at Doncaster, observing first, as a novel circumstance, that of the horses comprehended in the lists of the odds, there was not one from Scotland, Wales, or Cheshire, and only one solitary over-grown coacher, called the King of Rome, (what a name for such a brute!) from the land of potatoes and buttermilk.

At Doncaster nothing of moment was done before Saturday night; a few bets were then made about Epirus, Puff, and Mango, at prices which tallied pretty nearly with those last quoted in London; nor with the others was there any change, except that Mahometan was a couple of points worse, and that Henriade commenced a retreat, which on Sunday was converted into a run. We should state here that Egeria arrived at Doncaster on Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, and immediately galloped, having left Newmarket in a caravan and four, and travelled all night. Troilus and Dardanelles started on Thursday morning at eight o'clock, but as it would have been a gross breach of religious etiquette to put an infidel in the same carriage with the son of Priam, each had a caravan to himself, drawn by four horses, the trainer and a "good judge" being in the boxes. They reached Stamford the same night, and Doncaster the following afternoon, having travelled at the rate of nine or ten miles per hour. Of course, if non-favorites could stand four horses, a favorite was entitled to more, therefore Mango came it "grand," and posted with six, having the Drummer as a valet-de-sham. All this must add dreadfully to the trainers' bill—say, for going and returning of the four, two hundred and fifty or three hundred pounds. To return to the betting room.

On Sunday business was still dull, and the alterations so few that it would be a waste of time to make a quotation; we need only state that the three favorites maintained their respective positions, that Henriade went to 20 to 1, and that Troilus advanced to 16 to 1. Some reports went about to-day to the effect that the disposition of the jockeys would be different to what was generally expected. For instance, Nat, for some reason which it is not in our province to inquire into, was not to ride Mango, young Sam Day taking his seat. Mr. Osbaldeston had given Harry Edwards "permission" to ride Prime Warden, and engaged James Robinson, James Chapple, and Sam Rogers to ride two horses, Mahometan and Dan Dawson, (late Blakey Topping,) the latter having been galloped by Robinson—nothing like having "*three* strings to your bow." On Monday night the betting-rooms were well attended, although not by any means so crowded as we have seen them on former occasions. Excepting a slight momentary falling off

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bent on us to state several circumstances connected with this race, which are unnoticed by our contemporary.

It will be a matter of general surprise that *Atalanta* and *Lady Cliffden*, who up to the day of the race had been trained in the same stable, were both entered for it, when a fundamental Rule of the Maryland Jockey Club, (and indeed of every Club in "regular standing") expressly declares that—

"No two Riders from the same stable shall be allowed to ride in the same race; *nor shall two horses trained in the same stable be allowed to start in the same race.* Nor shall any two or more horses start for the same purse, even if in different stables, if owned in whole, or in part, by the same person or persons."

Gen. Emory, when he sold *Lady Cliffden*, for $2500, to Col. Johnson and Maj. Selden, disposed of her "racing qualities" only, and she reverts to him when withdrawn from the turf. Col. J. on the evening before this race expressed an intention of reserving Lady Cliffden for Camden, and of entering Atalanta, whereupon Maj. Selden, who was anxious to start her, offered to purchase Col. J.'s interest in her, and start her himself, provided no objection was made by the Club. How the Club got over their own *Rule* is more than we can imagine; but their assent *was* given, and no objection made on the part of the two other gentlemen who had made entries: by the bye, the acquiescence of one probably lost him the purse, while the Club have established a precedent which may be seized upon by others upon very different grounds from those which induced the parties here concerned to consider an express provision and article of their Constitution a dead letter, "for this time only, by particular request."—Maj. Selden finally became the owner of the filly, for $2800, subject to her engagement [She is matched against *Charlotte Russe* for $10,000 aside, forfeit $3000, four mile heats, at Camden, this week, and will receive forfeit, as Charlotte Russe is in her owner's stable in South Carolina, the match being totally unauthorised by him, and made without consulting him on the subject.] The above are the material facts which have given rise to a thousand unfounded rumors in circulation.

The editor of the "Daily Chronicle," in the following report of the race, dwells with great propriety upon the astonishing speed of Lady Cliffden, as evidenced by her saving her distance in the first heat after she had been stopped at the end of three miles. He affects to think very little comparatively of the fact that *Fanny Wyatt* lost, in the first place, thirty yards in the start, and without intending to run for the heat never made a stroke for it until Lady Cliffden stopped, when she caught up the running, making up a tremendous gap, and run Atalanta up to the saddle girth, for the first heat. To our poor notion, she might have won the heat had she run for it, and if she had not had thirty yards to make up at starting, she would have done so. This might not have changed the fortunes of the day for ["the"] Napoleon's most glorious victories were achieved after the battle seemed lost.

We have seldom known greater anxiety manifested for the result of any race than for this. The evening before, when the fact was announced that four horses would start, the odds were against any named nag; Lady Cliffden was the favorite against Fanny Wyatt, and for a short time on the morning of the race was taken at odds against Atalanta. Master Henry was set down as but little worth, and large odds were offered, and in some instances taken, that he would be distanced. As the hour of one approached, the backers of Atalanta became more free of their offers, and large sums were staked on her against the field.—She gradually rose in favor, and before starting was backed at 100 to 65 and 70 against the field.

The four horses came to the poll in the following order: Lady Cliffden, Master Henry, Atalanta and Fanny Wyatt. They got off without the tap of the drum, and were brought back. A second start was made, the drum tapped, and three got off, leaving Fanny Wyatt thirty yards behind. Master Henry took the track, which was soon usurped by Lady Cliffden. She darted off with the speed of a deer, and at once it was seen that the saddle had slipped and the boy was riding on her withers. It was a fearful sight. Atalanta rushed after her and chased her down the back stretch, round the turn and up home. The boy on Lady Cliffden, seeing his danger, grasped the mare tight with his knees, and maintained, as well as he could, a steady seat. She led again the second round, and as they passed the stand for the third mile, Atalanta made a rush at her, and was up to her haunches. The run up the hill served to throw her off again, and as they went down the stretch she made another attempt to pass, but in vain. Lady Cliffden maintained her stride, although running under such disadvantage. The press of Atalanta just before they reached the half mile post, was tremendous, and the struggle between her and Lady Cliffden for a moment seemed doubtful, as it was certainly dangerous to the latter's rider. She could not pass! The Lady maintained her place, though Atalanta still pressed on her. The run down the quarter mile stretch was beautiful, and the speed of the horses like the wind. Atalanta finding she could not pass, as she left the thickets her rider took a tight pull on her as if he gave up the heat to Lady Cliffden. At this minute, mistaking this round for the last, the boy on Cliffden pulled her up, and Atalanta rushed by her like lightning! One universal shout from the multitude sent up the cry "go on," but it was not heard till Fanny Wyatt, who had been running some fifty yards in the rear, and Master Henry, who was already a long way out of his distance, had passed Lady Cliffden. Atalanta was now far ahead, and Fanny Wyatt was running up to her with a view to contest the heat, which it was not her intention till this moment, even to run for—she gained on Atalanta, but the gap she had to make up placed her to great disadvantage. Atalanta was at least a distance and a half ahead of Lady Cliffden before the latter started again, and was two distances ahead before she got fully under way. The contest between *Atalanta* and *Fanny Wyatt* was beautiful, but was made by the latter with hardly a hope of winning the heat. To save his distance was now the only object of the rider of Lady Cliffden, and to do this, under these circumstances, seemed beyond the reach of possibility. Atalanta and Fanny Wyatt were going at their utmost speed, but still the Lady gained on them. When the former entered on the stretch home, they had all sail out, not an inch was left. "They are coming home," said a whole-souled turfite, "they are coming like a mighty wind, and yet the little filly gains on them—she runs swift as lightning!" And so it was—Fanny Wyatt pressed hard on Atalanta, who jumped as if she had her all staked on the issue. The vast multitude gazed on in silence, and when Atalanta passed the stand ahead of Fanny Wyatt, not a shout was heard, but all eyes were turned towards Lady Cliffden. "Is she distanced?" was in the mouth of every one. Those in the great stand decided she was, without considering their station but illy qualified them to judge. It was evident that if she had saved her distance, nothing could have prevented her winning the heat, had not the boy stopped her. The last half a mile she had passed over with incredible swiftness, but it was without hope that her friends wished she might have been in. The distance judges reported that she was in! The fact was astounding to many, but nevertheless true. The decision in her favor created astonishment, and of course, gave dissatisfaction to those who had bet against her. Astonishment it might well create, for never, we venture to say, was swifter running made than the last half mile. When we look back upon it now, we can hardly realize the speed with which she passed over the half mile to the distance poll. It was the severest run ever seen, and was so adjudged by many old racers who have seen the best nags run, "man and boy, for forty years." As soon as she was at the poll she was pulled up, and walked to the stand. The water was running off her in a stream on the ground, not a hair on her was dry, and her nostrils seemed as if they were bursting to give vent to her hard drawn breath. Time of the heat, 7:50. The last two miles, according to some watches, were run in 3:44! If this fact be so, and it seems almost incredible, the time of Fanny Wyatt must have been at least two seconds shorter, for she was at least that time behind Lady Cliffden when she passed on the second mile. Taking all together, it was, by far the hardest heat ever run over the Central, and though won by Atalanta, her greatest admirers cannot claim more for her, for that fact, than falls to the lot of Fanny Wyatt and Lady Cliffden for the part they took in it.

Fanny Wyatt, as was to be expected, was much distressed, and so was Atalanta, but neither were in the situation of Lady Cliffden—the last jump appeared to be taken out of her. The betting was all at a stand, for it was now clear that the race was Atalanta's. The time allowed between the heats was used to the best advantage, and in twenty minutes from the time of stopping every person who looked at her was surprised to see how fast Lady Cliffden had recovered, and was then actually pawing the earth as if she had not run a step.—Though conscious that there was barely a possibility of winning, the owner, to gratify those who had bet on her, determined on starting her again. Master Henry, it should have been mentioned before, was a long way out of the distance, but how far we did not see. He was too low in flesh at starting, and run whilst he had a jump in him, the last of which was made somewhere about the half mile stake on the fourth round.

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It was one of the best contested races which ever took place in this country, and but for the two mishaps which befel Lady Cliffden, the honor of winning it would have cost Atalanta a greater struggle than that she had to make, if she won it at all.

THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER FOR 1837.

We make room, to the exclusion of several original articles, for the annexed report of the Great St. Leger Race, about which so lively an interest is felt on this side the Atlantic. The report is from Bell's Life in London of Sept. 24th, and will be found exceedingly interesting. The Doncaster meeting commenced on Monday, and continued through the week, but we have room only for the great race to-day:—

The first "race" of the day, to use an Irish phrase, was "a walk over"—so that the main interest was reserved for "the race of races," big with the fate of thousands, to whom it had been a source of anxiety for months before, and which it will be seen was accompanied by circumstances of an extraordinary and painful character; we allude to a serious accident to Scott. Thirteen competitors, it was ascertained, would start; and all these, mounted by their respective jockeys, paraded as usual before the Grand Stand, affording their backers an opportunity to estimate, as far as appearances could go, their respective merits—and as each in turn was distinguished, his name was proclaimed with due emphasis. This ceremony concluded, all were summoned to the starting-post, and after some curvettings were formed in line—when on the word "go" being given, off the major part went; but as some lagged, they were all called back, when on a second attempt the start was more successful; but for the results we must refer to the description of the race, only remarking that on turning round after the awful excitement of "the coming in," in which Sam Day proved himself such a consummate general on "Mango," there was a most indescribable alteration in the physiognomies of some of our neighbors, from the "sour" aspect of many of whom we were induced to think that there was an excess of "acid" in their favorite "pickle," and that they will not be able to "abide" such a "condiment" for some time to come. We also remarked, and we tell no "Lye," that the resuscitation of "Abraham Newland," a man so famous in times of yore on this very spot, seemed to revive recollections anything but agreeable to those who had to part with the "flimsy" representatives of specie issued in the name of his successors. We must here, however, close our descriptive "yarn" of this day's meeting, and will only add, that among the company present we recognized the following:—

The Duke and Duchess of Cleveland, Duke of Leeds, Duke of Portland, Marquis of Westminster, and the Marquis of Exeter: Prince Charles Lichtenstein, Count Hunyady, Count Wabna, Count Bathyany, and Baron Reisach; Lord and Lady Lichfield, Lords Wilton, Suffield, Chesterfield, Newburgh, G. Bentinck, Mexborough, Petre, Leveson, Milton, and Spencer; Hon. —— Boyles, Hons. G. Byng, G. Anson, W. Lascelles, T. O. Powlett, F. Petre, L. Curzon, W. Dundas, —— Ponsonby, F. Saville, J. S. Wortley, J. Dundas, and G. Fitzwilliam; Sirs W. Call, J. Baird, W. B. Cooke, J. Kay, M. Farquahar, T. Sykes, T. Whichcote, J. Burke, T. Broadhead, and F. Wood; Gen. Sharpe; Colonels Peel, Dundas, York, Hill, Stowell, Hawkins, Hancox, Crawford, Cradock, and Thompson; Majors Tempest and Rickaby; Captains Richardson, Sivewright, Pettat, Fairlie, Hunter, Williams, Yea, White, Jones, Elmsail, Yarburgh, Taylor, Ewbank, Bentinck, Ponsonby, Smith, &c.; Messrs. Trafford (three), Fane, Bland, Neville, G. L. Fox, W. L. Fox, Fazakerley, Greville, Payne, Entwistle, S. Fox, Heywood, Higgins, Dolphin, Crommelin, De Blangey, J. Bayly, Bowes, Thornhill, Thornhill, Jun., Portman, R. Peel, E. Denison, T. Walker, W. Scott, M. Millbank, &c.

Wednesday is always a dull day, for it is "settling day," and there are not many congregations for such a purpose that are not calculated to produce fits of the "blue devils" among some of the "dramatis personæ;" and a few of the performers on this occasion "went off," not with "eclat," but with post horses, to seek "the wherewithal" to meet the unexpected demands on the debit side of their accounts. One party, it was said, promised to pay to the tune of £3000 in the south; others were also troubled with "the shorts;" and of the winnings, in all about 25,000*l.*, the liquidation of a certain portion was postponed, we trust not "sine die;" for the most honorable cannot at all times be prepared for an unexpected reverse, and often have to wait for others. On inquiry we were glad to find Scott was going on favorably; but the accident to his collar-bone will prevent his "touching collar" for some time, a reflection which renders him not a little "choleric." The racing, it will be seen from our account, was not of the first order; but it is always usual on this day to limit the interest, lest it should interfere with the balancing of accounts. The weather was beautiful, and considering the nature of the attractions, the company was respectable in number and quality.

THE ST. LEGER.

TUESDAY, Sept. 19, 1837.—THE GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 year olds, colts 8st. 6lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. The owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes. St. Leger Course, [one mile, six furlongs, and 132 yards.] 60 subs.

Mr. Greville's br. c. *Mango*, by Emilius, out of Mustard.................. S. Day. 1
Mr. G. O. Fairlie's ch. c. *Abraham Newland*, by Malek, out of Rachel......... T. Lye. 2

THE FOLLOWING WERE NOT PLACED:

Mr. S. Fox's bl. c. *The Doctor*, by Doctor Syntax, dam by Lottery (S. Templeman).
Lord Exeter's b. c. *Dardanelles*, by Sultan, out of Pawn Junior (G. Nelson).
Lord Westminster's br. c. *Cardinal Puff*, by Pantaloon—Puff (G. Edwards).
Lord Exeter's b. c. *Troilus*, by Priam, out of Greenmantle (S. Darling).
Mr. Heseltine's br. c. *Slashing Harry*, by Voltaire—Arinette (Heseltine).
Mr. Osbaldeston's b. c. *Mahometan*, brother to Mussulman, by Muley (J. Robinson).
Duke of Cleveland's br. c. *Henriade*, by Voltaire, out of Matilda (J. Day).
Mr. Bowes' ch. c. *Epirus*, brother to Elis, by Langar—Olympia (W. Scott).
Mr. T. Walter's b. c. *The Prime Warden* by Cadland—Zarina (H. Edwards).
Mr. Thornhill's br. f. *Egeria*, by Emilius—Mangel Wurzel (P. Connelly).
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. c. *Dan Dawson* (late Blakey Topping) by Clinker.

We have above given the result of a St. Leger, of which it has been justly remarked, that it has created smaller interest in the sporting circles and been the subject of less speculation than any other on record. We believe that this falling off is to be traced mainly to the comparatively low character of the horses destined to compete for it. During the whole of the winter months it was a dead letter in the market; and if a few bets were made in the course of the spring, they were confined to Cardinal Puff and Henriade—no other was dreamt of except at Manchester, where we every now and then saw long lists of favorites, which had never been even mentioned in town. As soon as the Derby anxieties were relieved, speculators began, not to bet, but to talk about the St. Leger, and by dint of words the field came out in "strong relief"—that is, Epirus, Slashing Harry, the Doctor, Mahometan, and one or two others, were allowed to figure at certain prices; but those prices were so unfavorable, and backers so shy and few, that several parties who have been in the habit of opening books on the race as a matter of course kept them closed, from a conviction that "no good would come of it," and turned their attention to the more interesting events about to come off at Goodwood. Hence the betting was for a long period "stale, flat, and unprofitable." Subsequent to the Liverpool running, which placed Cardinal Puff in no very favorable colors, business underwent a slight improvement; in fact, there was nothing else to bet about, and we really believe that some speculated on the race, bad as the betting was, simply because "they would be doing something." We had now Cardinal Puff at 7 to 2, and then, with a fearful gap, Slashing Harry, Henriade, Epirus, and the Doctor at 10 or 11 to 1 each; while at 20 to 1 were Prime Warden, Abraham Newland, and Melbourne. In the course of August, Mango, Emprise, and Melbourne joined the second lot, with which the Prime Warden had also a short-lived existence. Melbourne and Emprise were then declared not to start, and their absence from the field supplied by the timely appearance of Troilus, Dardanelles, and Egeria. A week before the race the betting improved amazingly—Epirus came out in earnest, and rose to 3 to 1; Mango's friends, always rather fond, laid it on strong, and Mahometan showed such a bold front, that Vates predicted for him the honors of a triumph. The changes, however, that we are now referring to must be too fresh in the recollection to require us to go further into them; we shall, therefore, proceed to detail what was done at Doncaster, observing first, as a novel circumstance, that of the horses comprehended in the lists of the odds, there was not one from Scotland, Wales, or Cheshire, and only one solitary over-grown coacher, called the King of Rome, (what a name for such a brute!) from the land of potatoes and buttermilk.

At Doncaster nothing of moment was done before Saturday night; a few bets were then made about Epirus, Puff, and Mango, at prices which tallied pretty nearly with those last quoted in London; nor with the others was there any change, except that Mahometan was a couple of points worse, and that Henriade commenced a retreat, which on Sunday was converted into a run. We should state here that Egeria arrived at Doncaster on Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, and immediately galloped, having left Newmarket in a caravan and four, and travelled all night. Troilus and Dardanelles started on Thursday morning at eight o'clock, but as it would have been a gross breach of religious etiquette to put an infidel in the same carriage with the son of Priam, each had a caravan to himself, drawn by four horses, the trainer and a "good judge" being in the boxes. They reached Stamford the same night, and Doncaster the following afternoon, having travelled at the rate of nine or ten miles per hour. Of course, if non-favorites could stand four horses, a favorite was entitled to more, therefore Mango came it "grand," and posted with six, having the Drummer as a valet-de-sham. All this must add dreadfully to the trainers' bill—say, for going and returning of the four, two hundred and fifty or three hundred pounds. To return to the betting room.

On Sunday business was still dull, and the alterations so few that it would be a waste of time to make a quotation; we need only state that the three favorites maintained their respective positions, that Henriade went to 20 to 1, and that Troilus advanced to 16 to 1. Some reports went about to-day to the effect that the disposition of the jockeys would be different to what was generally expected. For instance, Nat, for some reason which it is not in our province to inquire into, was not to ride Mango, young Sam Day taking his seat. Mr. Osbaldeston had given Harry Edwards "permission" to ride Prime Warden, and engaged James Robinson, James Chapple, and Sam Rogers to ride two horses, Mahometan and Dan Dawson, (late Blakey Topping,) the latter having been galloped by Robinson—nothing like having "*three* strings to your bow." On Monday night the betting-rooms were well attended, although not by any means so crowded as we have seen them on former occasions. Excepting a slight momentary falling off in Epirus, and a perceptible diminution in the confidence of Mango's friends, there was nothing done worth particular notice. The last odds were 5 to 2 against Epirus, 9 to 2 against Puff, 5 to 1 against Mango, 7 to 1 against Mahometan, 11 to 1 against The Doctor, 12 to 1 against Slashing Harry, 16 to 1 against Henriade, 16 to 1 against Troilus, 25 to 1 against Egeria, 25 to 1 against Abraham Newland, and 30 to 1 against Dardanelles. Mahometan had been a point less, but a bit of a breeze about ten o'clock, in which his lord and master played first fiddle, frightened his supporters, and produced a trifling decline. It appears that some insufferable fool had made an offer to Mr. Osbaldeston (through a Mr. K.) of one thousand pounds not to start Mahometan! Now it must be clear to those who have watched the betting on the St. Leger that no one person could by possibility have got on a sufficient sum against the horse to render it worth his while to make such an offer. Why, by laying out half the sum at the market price, he could have made him equally safe, without running the risk of being horse-whipped. That the offer was made we have no doubt, and that it was a stupid hoax we are convinced. Such, however, was not Mr. Osbaldeston's impression, and accordingly he mentioned it in the room about ten o'clock. The circumstance elicited a reply which was obviously meant in jest, but Mr. O., taking it offensively, answered in terms not to be justified; and not content with abusing the party who had so unintentionally excited his ire, threw out insinuations respecting his jockey, and others concerned in making Mahometan "safe" for the Derby, which reflection, and that horse's running for the St. Leger, must convince him are wholly without foundation. The fracas lasted some time, and ended as it began—in nothing.

No sooner had this business terminated, than an individual, known in Lancashire as the "Salford Goose," and who had been evidently "well stuffed," forced himself upon the attention of the room, and setting up a determined opposition to our friend "Vates," declared in the most oracular manner that he was one of Garnett's Committee, and that Cardinal Puff would win by three lengths! Now Vates was a *leetle* out but he had the second and third all right; while the Salford prediction turned out to be mere "cackle." The betting continued until a late hour, and was almost entirely confined to the favorites. Epirus's friends were rather shy at first, but rallied towards eleven o'clock, and took 5 to 2. Puff settled at 9 to 2, and Mango at 5 to 1. Mahometan stood at 8 to 1 before the row, and 9 to 1 after. The Doctor and Slashing Harry were at 11 to 1 each, Henriade nominally at 16 to 1, Troilus at the same price, Egeria and Abraham Newland at 25 to 1 each, and Dardanelles at 30 to 1. On the morning of the race a good deal of business was done at the rooms at 2 to 1 against Epirus, 5 to 1 against Mango (taken freely), 6 to 1 against Puff, and 7 to 1 agst. Mahometan; the others as before.

The better to account for a very important incident which occurred very early in the race, it is necessary to state here, for the information of those who are unacquainted with the course, that by some unaccountable neglect on the part of the Corporation a ditch has for years skirted it on the near side from the gravel road (about two hundred yards from the start) till near the Red House, without any protection whatever; so it will be seen, that had the common precaution of putting up rails been taken, a very serious accident would have been avoided.

THE RACE.

The horses got to the post about three o'clock, and at the second attempt went away in the most beautiful style imaginable—Dan Dawson leading, with Dardanelles next, and behind him Cardinal Puff, The Doctor, Mango, and Epirus, the others lying up in a ruck close at their heels; we should state that Epirus was running very near the ditch. They went in this order over the gravel-road, on passing which Dardanelles and Dan Dawson changed places, the others maintaining the positions assigned to them at the commencement. A few strides from the road—midway, perhaps, between it and the hill, some dirt thrown from the hind feet of one of the leading horses struck Epirus in the face, causing him to swerve so close to the edge of the ditch that the ground gave way and he slipt in—he struggled on full thirty-five yards in his attempts to get out, and, finally, making a plunge, rolled over, and threw Scott on the Course. At the moment that the horse had got his feet on the course again, and Scott was rising, for all this was the work of a moment, The Prime Warden, who was running in his track, came up, and not being able to get out of the way, charged Epirus's legs as if they had been a fence—he cleared them, but struck Scott with both his hind feet, one touching his face slightly, and the other his collar bone near the right shoulder; Epirus now got away, leaving his rider insensible, with a compound fracture of the collar bone, the bones, in fact, protruding through the skin; The Prime Warden stumbled, ran several yards on his nose and knees, and of course lost all chance of the race. To return to the gravel road:—Dardanelles, in taking the lead, mended the pace, and with Dan for his second, sustained it round the turn, by which time Dan sickened and fell into the rear, where he found the Oaks mare, and Egeria, who cut just as good a figure as we had anticipated.—About three distances from home Cardinal Puff, Dardanelles, The Doctor and Abraham Newland laid in front together, with a ruck behind, consisting of Henriade, Mango, Troilus, Mahometan and Slashing Harry. The first four went along at a good pace, The Doctor looking amazingly like a winner, nor did any change take place till they made the distance post, where another accident happened through the disgraceful conduct of a tradesman of Doncaster, who had been coursing with a brace of borrowed greyhounds, and had taken the races on his way home, the dogs running loose at his heels; although cautioned repeatedly, he persisted in riding about the course until one of the dogs burst through the rails at the distance, at the same moment that Dardanelles came up—the horse jumped over him, and of course was put out of his stride, but Henriade, lying in his wake, and going "very comfortably," ran against him and fell, his jockey being thrown on his neck; providentially he was not hurt, but the horse was much cut about the knees. Egeria also had a narrow escape. (The fellow who caused this accident ought to have been taken to the first pond and ducked.) The four horses in front kept together until within a few yards of the Grand Stand, where the Cardinal was observed to be in difficulties. The Doctor and Abraham Newland here singled themselves out, and now it was that Mango, who had been almost concealed by the line in front, was seen close at their heels, looking remarkably well, but to all intents and purposes shut out. Sam, however, waited patiently for an opening, and The Doctor happening to hang a little just as they reached the corner of the stand, he seized the opportunity, "gave his horse the *damndest* lick on the ear, and another behind the girths" (his own words), and in an instant was between them; before he cleared the stand he was half a length in advance, and at the winning-post nearly a length, Abraham Newland beating The Doctor by half a length. Dardanelles was 4th, Cardinal Puff 5th, Troilus 6th, and Slashing Harry 7th, all well up. Mahometan was next, and then the tail, which was composed of Henriade, Egeria, The Prime Warden, and Blakey Topping—Time, 3:23.

The race will long be remembered as one of novel and extraordinary interest. It is too much to say that the result would have been different had the accidents not happened; but it is very probable, from the extreme confidence shown by the Scotts in Epirus, the large sums laid out on him, and his racing-like appearance, that Mango would have had all his work to do to win. Dardanelles could not have won, nor do we think that the party had any idea of Henriade's pulling through, still it is likely that the interruption of the dog prevented their getting good places at the finish. Mahometan has not improved his Derby running—a pretty clear proof that instead of throwing him over for it, Harry Edwards must have ridden with great judgment to get him where he was.

Value of the stakes 1,675*l.* —Mr. Greville won 8,000*l.* besides the stakes, and a noble friend about 11,000*l.*; there are no great losers, one drops 1000, another 1500, a third 2000, and so on; but from the limited extent of the speculations, the balances generally were comparatively light. Our Manchester friends have not done much either one way or the other, Mr. Downes having made them cautious. The settling day took place on Wednesday morning, and went off much in the usual way. One account, with a deficit of about 3,000*l.*, was left unsettled, but as the party promises to pay at Tattersall's, we abstain at present from mentioning his name.

ON DITS OF THE MISSISSIPPI TURF.

Natchez (Miss.) Sept. 29, 1837.

Mr. Editor—It will perhaps interest some of your readers to learn that the celebrated *Rodolph* is in fine health, and taking regular exercise over the Pharsalia Course, in company with *Susan Yandell*, another celebrated racer of Col. Claiborne's, in charge of Mr. Robert Wooding, who, it is said, will back him (Rodolph) in more ways than one, over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, in Dec. next.

Col. Bingaman's invincibles—as a Tennessee turfman called them last season, to wit: *Angora*, *Fanny Wright*, and *Naked Truth*, all 5 yr. olds, are up, together with *Tishimingo*, 3 yrs. old, own brother to *Lilac—Catherine*, same age, by Leviathan—*Lucy Brooks*, by Bertrand—*Rosin-the-Bow*, same age, by Bertrand—*Lady Grey*, by Robin Grey, and *Capt. McHeath*, two yrs. old, by Leviathan—*Miss Bailey*, in charge of Mr. Ben. Prior.

By the by, Prior was remarkably successful with the Col's. stable last campaign, winning twenty-five out of twenty-eight races—ten of which were won, without losing a heat, by the "great disgraced" *Angora*. With *Fanny Wright* he won five 4 mile heat races between the 1st of March and 25th of May, winning in purses alone $6000, to do which she had to travel 800 miles.

Mons. Delattre has, at the request of the New Orleans Jockey Club, made a fine portrait of this distinguished mare (Fanny Wright). I am informed this spirited association has determined to grace the walls of their Club room with the likenesses of all the winners of their four mile purses.

Mr. John Routh's imported stock is doing very well. His mare *Volante* has been covered by Bertrand, and *Only That* by Imp. Tranby.

Mr. W. J. Minor's Imp. mares *Nell Gwynne* and *Novelty*, have been covered by Imp. Glencoe. Both these mares produced fine colt foals last season—the first by Imp. "Rowton," the last by "The Saddler." Mr. M's three imp. 3 yr. olds, (to wit:) *Orleana*, by Bustard out of Laureola, by Orville—*Doncaster*, by Longwaist out of Lady Ern, by Muley—*Britannia*, by Muley out of Nancy, Longwaist's dam, by Dick Andrews, are in training, and will probably show at New Orleans in Dec. next.

Rarity, own sister to Stockholder, died on the 15th inst., the property of Mr. Minor. She has been barren for several years: her only produce now living are *Jack Randolph*, by Mercury (he by Virginian—Sir Charles' dam), the property of Dr. Samuel Gustine, of this city, and *Diana*, by Mercury, owned by Mr. Minor.

Mr. F. Duplantier's br. h. *Jack Beasley*, is out of Lady Hal, by Sir Hal, her dam Lady Racket, by Sir Archie, g. dam by Imp. Bedford, etc., and not Rarity, as has been stated in several racing reports which have appeared in your paper.

I see that Capt. Oliver is coming on with a long string, looking for soft places; may be the Capt. has been telling you of some of the soft ones he found out this way last season.

I am pleased to see *five pages* of the Baltimore *Turf Register* appropriated to Edmund M. Waggener, Esq., and his celebrated stallion *Carolinian*, and his no less celebrated son *Ratler*. It seems that Ratler run a mile over Burksville Course, when very muddy, in the unprecedented time of 1:55, and two miles over the same course, in 4:13, doing his first mile in 1:58, showing thereby a falling off in the second mile of *only fifteen seconds!* It should be remembered that Ratler was *only six years old*, and that he carried *Eighty-four* pounds. This is as it should be. If Carolinian was within a thousand miles of me, I should breed from him. Who knows but what I might breed another Ratler?

Very respectfully, A Young Turfman.

Three or four matches came off the other day over the Pharsalia Course, Natchez, of which we have had no report. Will not nobody send us nothing about it, no how!

LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN TURFMAN ABROAD.

Mango, winner of the St. Leger—English System of Betting—Anecdote of the Queen of Trumps—The "Legs"—The Plenipo "Do"—The Chifneys and Scotts—John Day—Lord George Bentinck and his turf operations—English System of Training—On starting horses in a race—English Race Courses.

Liverpool, Sept. 23, 1837.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.

The great Northern event, the Doncaster St. Leger, has gone off this year rather flatly. A South country horse, bred by Mr. Thornhill, owner of *Emilius*, near Newmarket, has carried off the prize. *Mango*, the winner, is by Emilius, out of Mustard, full brother to Mr. Jas. Jackson's (of Ala.) *Pickle*, also to *Preserve*, and a whole family of good ones. He is rather large, brown horse, and showed badly in his two year old form at Newmarket last Fall—perhaps he was amiss—fortunately, for had it been otherwise, most likely all the running would have been got out of him ere this. He run a moderate 5th or 6th for the Derby in May, and afterwards won at Ascot a good race, since which time he has been well nursed for the St. Leger, and his party are no doubt large winners. Of the racing, and all the sporting events of this eventful week, you will have full and lively accounts in the papers of the day, to which I beg to refer you.

The secrets of the Turf would be worth relating if they could be got at, but nothing more than vague suspicions appear in print, and these often originate with the malice of some disappointed party, rather than a desire to impart useful information. That abuses of the most flagrant kind exist in the whole system of English racing is quite evident, and unless speedily reformed will prove the subversion of that most exhilirating sport. Now this horse, Mango, was backed to win a large sum on the Derby, and though he was but an indifferent horse in that race, I have understood that his immediate owner, Mr. Greville, won £6,000 on the event. How much more he would have pocketed in case his horse had been successful, I have not the least idea: but certainly there must be something mysterious, something wrong, where a race is liable to such contingencies—whether it is produced by backing some particular horse one day, to raise his price in the market, and then through an agent to hedge his money on the field against his own horse the next, or by secret confederacies entirely unknown to the public; either is alike obnoxious to the purity and preservation of this glorious national pastime.

Two years ago, when the *Queen of Trumps* won the Great St. Leger, other favorites and the field had been so heavily backed by a party, that they were induced to attempt the purchase of the mare before the race, and offered, I have heard, some 7000 guineas (I heard the honorable and straightforward owner Mr. Mostyn, say, "an incredible sum,") with the view of withdrawing her. If a party could afford to give 7000 guineas for a 3 year old filly, to silence her competition, what a hazardous position they must have been placed in by their speculations on that race. And if they could afford to do that, how much could they not have afforded to make her safe *not to win* by other means? If the speculators can afford 7000 guineas secret service money to secure *one* race, how much would be required to make themselves safe on the Riddlesworth, the 2000 guineas, the 1000 guineas, the Derby, the numerous cups, &c. &c., besides the important 2 year old stakes, on all of which there is very heavy betting, P.P., and numerous engagements? The amount betted on horse racing would startle a millionaire at their magnitude, and is equal to the national stocks of a kingdom. The moment a Sweepstakes is closed, the betting begins, and the further off the race, the more the prices fluctuate; but they are always P.P., unless otherwise stipulated. When there are 100 entries, the "legs" will, in most cases, lay 100 to 1 against any named nag, and so in proportion, when the entries are more or less numerous, especially if the race be 12 months off. There are, however, generally, a small number of favorites, against which they are a little shy of laying the long odds, and those quickly rise in the market and become profitable *bad horses* for a time, and then give way to others coming into notice, on their own merits, ascertained from their trials or performances, or from fancy. Thus the price is continually fluctuating on 'Change (that is at Tattersalls) from the time a race is made up until it is decided.

There are Rothschilds at Tattersalls as well as at the Royal Exchange, who employ confidential brokers, who are uncommonly clever in their calling, calculating the chances with the utmost nicety, and keeping their books with mercantile accuracy. The "*legs*," as they are called, are remarkably well behaved, shrewd men of business, prompt, active, and industrious in their profession, and probably as honest as the majority of those who deal in Foreign and Fancy Stocks at the Exchange. Without rendering themselves obnoxious to imputations of dishonest and fraudulent practices, they may give currency to unfounded rumors calculated to effect the betting on a particular horse, by which means the flats and green horns are sometimes misled, but for defalcation or palpably dishonorable acts, they would be scouted from the betting-rooms as soon as a broker from 'Change; yet it cannot be concealed that crying enormities are perpetrated by those connected with the Turf, to the great disgrace and mortification of all concerned, and to the disparagement of the cause. The vast amount at stake, and the risk which desperate men sometimes stand, induce them to resort to means which, if known, would utterly ruin all concerned; the secret service money at their disposal is enough to corrupt all the trainers, jockies and grooms at Newmarket, were there not a countervailing influence in full operation. Who that reads a sporting magazine will ever forget *Plenipo* and the St. Leger of that year? There is still a mystery hanging over that infamous affair, but little is said about it now-a-days, though no one has forgotten it, and each has his suspicions. His owner, one of your right sort of English gentlemen, whose station in life, character, habits, every thing in fact, place him above suspicion—even he, thus elevated, and having but a comparatively minor interest in the race which Plenipo so unaccountably lost (for he is not a betting man), I have no doubt is still annoyed at the reflections caused by his failure. Recently, on a visit, I incautiously alluded to his St. Leger performance, but my remarks were not noticed, though Mr. Batson, as if following up the train of reflection, soon after remarked on the waywardness of the horse, his courage, &c., adding the impossibility of giving him physic, bleeding, &c., or doing anything which he was averse to, and indeed such I found to be the character and disposition of the horse, for he would not suffer me to come up to him when held by the groom, but when quite loose made no objection to my approaching and handling him. There is but little doubt that Plenipo, whose price was about even against the field, and should

whom very large sums were laid out, was secured by foul means against winning; otherwise nothing but an accident could have prevented it, for he was confessedly as superior to all of his year, as the celebrated *Eclipse* was to all his contemporaries. It often happens, too, that a favorite horse, standing the highest in the market, about which there is a great deal of speculation, is secretly bought, perhaps by the confidential agent of a strong confederacy. In all such cases, the parties concerned, and their friends in the secret, risk nothing by laying any odds, however high, against their own horse, who will recede farther and farther, until at length he will be declared not to start. That such things have been done, and are still practicable, there can be no doubt, and the whole system of betting P.P. favors the manœuvre. The chances of such occurrences, and the various other chances of the horse not starting, are so much greater than the chances of his meeting a superior, that in most cases the field turns out to be a good horse, and enables the betting people who go systematically to work, laying long odds against each and every horse in the race, a very profitable business. If they are punctual in attendance, attentive to the prices, and make their bets with any kind of judgment, they are sure to be good gainers, without any unfair practices. This subject might be enlarged upon in its details to great extent, but if I have been fortunate enough to make myself understood, it will be manifest that the present system of betting viewed in its most indulgent aspect, exercises a pernicious influence upon horse-racing, and there is imminent danger of bringing it into general disrepute.

In addition to this numerous and well organized corps of betters on the field, the most of whom scarcely know a horse from an ass, certainly not a good one from a garon, nor do they take any pleasure in the sports, there is a formidable party connected with the stables, that exert a powerful influence on the result, and contribute to multiply the uncertainties of racing. I allude to the trainers, grooms and jockies, nearly all of whom have something at stake, and many of them quite large sums. The two CHIFNEYS (trainer and jockey) had houses fit for the first noblemen of the kingdom. The SCOTTS (trainer and jockey) are both in easy circumstances, and live in good style, and are the owners of race-horses. JOHN DAY also (honest John, as he is called), is both trainer and jockey—has a dozen children—his boys are ditto—is quite well off in the world, and has a considerable number of horses on the Turf in his own name. And thus are many others similarly situated. In all these cases they are associated with strong parties, frequently of the nobility, who are in fact secret confederates, but ostensibly masters. In many cases a jockey does not know the day before what horse he is to ride, and it may be, he is put upon a horse that he has been betting against. When his interest and that of his masters are thus at variance, it requires no ghost to tell us which will preponderate in the final struggle. "Honest John," besides his own horses, trains and rides for Lord GEORGE BENTINCK and his party, who is *very* deeply engaged in Turf matters, and the *real* owner of a great number of horses, none of which run in his name; so that in fact no one can ever tell when he is backing or betting against his own horses. He is a very great winner, and plays a strong game—is the nobleman alluded to as having won, in connection with Mr. GREVILLE, £20,000, on the St. Leger—is the same referred to as the winner of an incredible sum on *Elis*, last year. Lord George has a remarkably quick eye to a nice bit o' blood, and "knows a hawk from a handsaw" at first sight—is one of the best judges of horse flesh in England, and is one of the few who wins by backing his own horses, which he does heavily, and with a true sporting spirit.

Thus it is apparent that, accidents aside, there are numerous causes operating in fulfilment of the Scripture adage, that "the race is not to the swift." Such things should not be, and if, as before observed, they are not reformed, will drive many of the most honorable supporters of these sports, and the firmest friends of the blood horse from the English Turf. Generally speaking, the owners of race horses make a losing business by their speculations, and but few of them realize a profit in the way of prizes; for though they are sometimes very rich, the losses on such as they do not win, and the expenses of the stables, in most cases bring the owners in debt. These matters should not be lost sight of, as in the progress of the Turf in America, we may not fall into the errors of those who have gone before us. We are all aware that abuses will creep in, where the strictest rules are not enforced for preventing them, and in every innovation upon established custom, we ought carefully to adopt only those that have been tested and proved to be beneficial. A practical and experienced American Turfman would find many practices and usages in the English system at variance with his own, and by attentive observation would be able to distinguish what is an improvement, and what is not. An English trainer of the highest celebrity will tell you, that his system is the very acme of perfection; that science, skill, and long experience have brought the art to such a degree of excellence, that it cannot be improved upon—that every method has been tried and fairly tested, and every defect detected and exploded—that all (or nearly so) of the horses are now-a-days brought to the post in the best possible condition for exerting their utmost physical powers. They are perfectly serious in their assertions, and they truly believe such to be the case, and when you come to examine their system in detail, and the reason for each and every minute operation, it seems difficult to object to any part of it. I have been particularly struck with the docility of the horses in training, and the ease with which they are managed in their exercising and sweating gallops. Small lads from 10 to 15 years old, have the entire charge of a colt both as rider and rubber, and when exercising, they can pull up or take him out of the string, and go off in a different direction at any pace the head man may direct, with the most perfect ease, using nothing but a common snaffle bit. They are so well broken, and so light upon the hand, that a mere thread at fingers ends will serve to turn them as desired. Such lads also *start* their horses without any assistance whatever in their trials, &c. They begin with the colts when they are yearlings, give them an easy mouth, at first with a large and heavy bit, and in every stage of breaking, accustom them to such discipline as they afterwards pursue in working and running. It seems to be an easy matter to make them thus subservient to your wishes, if you begin right and teach them no bad tricks, or indulge them in vicious habits. When they meet with a violent, headstrong, and ungovernable horse, they sometimes use a stiff bit and curb—but that is not common.

As the fields increase in America it will become a great convenience, if not absolutely necessary, for the jockey to be able to start his own horse, and this I am persuaded is quite practicable, by taking them in time and changing their exercise and their work, as much and as often as the nature of the course or ground will admit. Racing has been so long a favorite sport with all classes, and especially patronized by the Crown, other members of the Royal Family, Noblemen, and gentlemen, all dispensing large sums to promote the legitimate objects of the Turf, that there is good reason for supposing that great improvements have attended the numerous changes that have been from time to time adopted, but it is very questionable whether many of these changes have not been accompanied with corresponding evils. In former days a large majority—indeed nearly all the races at Newmarket were matches—single heats over the Beacon Course, where the start and the end are four miles asunder—and run by aged horses. In modern times, that course is seldom used, and instead of one 4 mile race with aged horses, you see 50 of less than a mile, by 2 and 3 year olds, mostly sweepstakes with numerous engagements. We have seen *one* of the evils of this innovation, viz.: the high betting which often leads to the defeat of the best horse. The English Courses are all different, but most of them are so laid out that you see more of the race than at Newmarket or Epsom. The Doncaster is oval, nearly two miles round (1m. 7 per. 70 yds.) the St. Leger Course is a part of this circle, being 1 m. 6 fur. 132 yds. in extent, and is in the form of a horse shoe, commencing at one heel, on a line with the winning post at the other heel, giving the horses a good wide space for starting, and nearly a straight run for half a mile, when they come to a hill some 20 or 30 feet high, and of rather an abrupt descent. All the rest of the course is flat, and appears like a reclaimed bog, with a ditch and a railing on each side of the Course. I do not think it favorable to quick time, and after much rain, the most of it would become very heavy. This is the crack course, and esteemed the best in England; but the Aintree Course at Liverpool is most like the American, being round, one mile and a half, and very level. York is over low flat ground and without a hill; the 4 mile course begins at the winning post, running to the left, and after describing a circle in a horse shoe form, it passes round a post and thence back again to the place where they commenced—the horses are always in sight. Goodwood, which (next to Liverpool) I think the best in the kingdom, is on very elevated ground, surrounded with magnificent scenery, both of the land and the sea in the distance. All the exceptionable inequalities of surface have been levelled down at great expense, more than half a mile in length, and 300 to 400 yards in width, being made ground, of considerable depth. It is situated in the Duke of RICHMOND's park, and the improvements have been made by him at a cost of some $100,000. Here the horses saddle and gallop before the stand, previous to the race, and afterwards strip there; and besides, you can distinctly see, from the grand stand, both the start and ending of each race, an advantage which few of the English courses possess.

B.

THE CANADIAN TURF

We are glad to perceive that this year has called forth some exhibitions of the turf, which bid fair to lead to regular meetings each season. Though the purses offered are as yet but small, the emulation which is excited among our yeomanry will do much to improve the breed and character of our Township horses.

We believe that 13 or 14 years ago some good private matches were got up in this town, and several purses were run for, on the Quebec Road in Orford; sport was afforded, and the character of the horses of that period fully tested.—Since that, nothing like regular racing occurred till this season, and we shall now give a short notice of the two meetings that have recently taken place.

COMPTON (L. C.) RACES.

According to previous intimation, these races came off on the 29th August.—Considering the very short notice that was given of the intended meeting, and the hurried manner in which the course was prepared, it reflected great credit upon the enterprising projectors. The ground marked out on this occasion for a course, was situated on an elevated plain, about a mile and a half from Compton village, and formed part of the property of Henry Mears, Esq., of Bookham.—The view from this position, was rich and variegated, mingling wilderness and cultivated plain, hill and dale, in a wide range around. The day was beautiful and clear, cool and pleasant. A line of neat carriages occupied a commanding position, from which a good view of the sport was obtained by a brilliant bevy of the beauty and fashion of the neighborhood. The horsemen were in abundance, and numerous foot passengers occupied different portions of the course. The following were the races:—

TUESDAY, Aug. 29, 1837.—The *Hurdle Stakes* of 6l., catch weights; over hurdles three feet six inches. Heats.

Dr. Langworthy's ch. g. *Cleveland*, 4 yrs. black and rose cap	1	1
Mr. Cunningham's b. h. *Vindicator*, aged, blue and red, black cap	2	dr
Mr. Austin's ch. c. *Jerry*, 3 yrs. crimson, black cap	dis	
Mr. Mears' b. m. *May-Day*, aged, green, black cap	dis	

In the first heat the horses were all distanced by knocking down the hurdles. In the second Vindicator was withdrawn, Jerry and May-day were distanced by again knocking down, and Cleveland was therefore the winner. The running, however, was good.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.—Hunters' Stakes* of 4l., over hurdles 3 feet 6 inches. Heats.

Mr. Percy Cunningham's b. m. *Kate*, aged, blue and red, black cap	1	1
Dr. Watson's br. h. *Sultan*, aged, white, green cap	2	2
Mr. Patterson's br. m. *Sleepy Kate*, 6 yrs. black and white, black cap	3	3
Mr. Daintry's gr. m. *Columbine*, aged, green and black cap	dis	

In the first heat Columbine, (rode by Mr. Mears) struck one of the hurdles and was distanced. The heat was won with ease by Kate, as was also the second. Sultan proved himself a good fencer, but in doing so, losing speed.

The ladies and gentlemen on the course were now invited to partake of an elegant collation, which had been prepared at Bookham, at which, for the short time that was allowed, all hilarity and good humor prevailed, until they were summoned to return to the sport of the day.

SAME DAY—*Third Race.—Private Match* of 5l., catch weights. One heat.

Mr. Austin's ch. g. *Sir Peter*, (alias Pipeclay) 6 yrs. crimson, blue cap	1
Mr. Slack's gr. g. *Abbott* (alias Marrowbones), 6 yrs. blue and white, black cap	2

The match was won with ease by Sir Peter, as the Abbott was both heavy in appearance and weight.

SAME DAY—*Fourth Race.—Private Match* of 5l., catch weights. One heat.

Mr. D. Connell's b. m. *Jesse*, black, rose cap	1
Mr. Mears' b. m. *May-day*, aged, green, black cap	2

This was a well contested match. Jesse was rode by Dr. Langworthy, and was the winner.

SAME DAY—*Fifth Race.*—Match of 1l., catch horses and catch weights. One heat, to be rode only by boys.

This was a novel scene. Some seven or eight youngsters, hardly any of them exceeding eleven years of age, were seen displaying their gay colored jockey jackets and caps. Seven we believe started, and during the run, the utmost anxiety prevailed as to the successful winner. The riding was of the most approved style. The match was won by Mr Hacket's b. h. *Dick*, rode by his son James Hacket, jr.—Black and red, and black cap.

SAME DAY—*Sixth Race.*—Match of 5l., catch weights. One heat.

Mr. Ryle's br. h. *Major*, aged, black, red cap	1
Mr. Connell's b. m. *Jesse*, aged, blue and red, black cap	2

This was won easily by the Major, rode by Dr. Langworthy.

SAME DAY—*Seventh Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 3l., open to all horses except the winners of Hurdles and Hunters' Stakes.

In this several horses entered, but as we did not remain on the course to witness its termination, we cannot give many particulars. We learned that it was won by *Columbine*.

The greatest order prevailed during the day, and the company retired well pleased with the amusement which had been afforded them.

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ASCOT (L. C.) RACES.

The success which had attended the meeting at Compton, induced several gentlemen to propose a second, at which larger purses might be offered, and of which more general notice should be given. The following gentlemen were appointed Stewards: Lieut. Col. Morris, James Hacket, and Thomas Austin, Esquires. Clerk of the Course, A. Coffin, Esq.; Secretary, Geo. F. Bowen, Esq. By the politeness of James Patterson, Esq., of Meadowbank, a fine flat piece of ground was obtained on his farm in Ascot, and no time was lost in setting out the course, which was about a mile in length. The races were originally fixed for the 12th and 13th Sept., but in consequence of rain on the first day, they came off on the 13th and 14th. The new Bridge over the St. Francis was completed for the occasion, and a road laid out across several farms leading to the ground. The scene was beautiful, and the company much more numerous than at Compton. The following is a short sketch of the races.

WEDNESDAY, Sept 13, 1837.—*The Victoria Stakes* of 10l., run for by horses bona fide the property of gentlemen residing in the Eastern Townships. Mile heats, over three hurdles. Weights for age, 6 yrs. old and upwards, 12st.—5, 11—4, 10—and 3, 9st. Jockey costume.

Mr. Cunningham's b. m. *Kate*, aged, blue and red	1	1
Dr. Watson's b. g. *Sultan*, aged, blue and black	*	*
Mr. Langworthy's ch. g. *Cleveland*, 4 yrs. blue	*	dis
Mr. Steele's b. h. *The Disowned*, aged, yellow	dr	
Col. Morris' b. g. *Massawippi*, aged, crimson and black	dr	

The Disowned and Massawippi were withdrawn, and the remaining three started. At the second hurdle Sultan's rider was thrown and rather seriously injured. At the third hurdle Cleveland was distanced, and Kate therefore was the winner, having cleared all three hurdles.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Private Match for 5l. a-side, half a mile; weight, 10st.

Mr. Daintry's gr. m. *Columbine*, aged, black, and rose cap	1
Mr. Patterson's b. m. *Sleepy Kate*, 5 yrs. pink and blue	2

The match was won with comparative ease by Columbine.

SAME DAY—*Third Race.—The Ladies' Purse* of 8l., Mile heats. Weights: 6 yrs. and upwards, 10st. Each year younger allowed 7lb. Open to all horses bona fide the property of gentlemen residing in the Eastern Townships, except the winner of the Victoria Stakes. Jockey costume.

Mr. Cunningham's ch. f. *Burlesque*, 3 yrs. green and white	1	1
Mr. Loomis' gr. m. *Titteryvan*, 4 yrs. yellow and blue	*	*
Mr. Daintry's gr. m. *Columbine*, aged, blue and pink	*	*
Mr. Austin's ch. c. *Young Jerry*, 3 yrs. blue	*	*
Mr. M'Clintock's bl. m. *Mink*, 5 yrs. blue and pink	*	*
Mr. Patterson's b. m. *Sleepy Kate*, 5 yrs. blue and red	*	*
Mr. Hackett's b. g. *Grosvenor*, 6 yrs. green and black	dis	
Mr. C. Woodward's b. m. *Young Snake*, 5 yrs	dr	
Mr. Whitcher's ch. g. *Dick*, 4 yrs. green and white	dr	
Mr. Mears' b. m. *May-Day*, aged, green and black	dr	
Mr. Cunningham's b. m. *Kate*, aged, green and white	dr	
Mr. Watson's b. g. *Sultan*, aged, blue and black	dr	

* Not placed.

Great interest had been felt for the coming off of this race from the number of the entries that had been announced. But Young Snake, Dick, May Day, Kate and Sultan were withdrawn before starting. The rider of Burlesque, from his light weight, was obliged to carry about 40 lbs. extra. Burlesque took the first heat by two lengths, leading Columbine, Sleepy Kate, Titteryvan and Young Jerry; Grosvenor being distanced. The second heat was won easily by Burlesque.

SAME DAY—*Fourth Race.*—Private match for 5l. Quarter of a mile.

Mr Faucett's b. m. *Lady Mary*, 3 yrs. blue, 10st. 8lb	1
Mr. Mack's ch. c. *Vampire*, 2 yrs. yellow, 11st. 10lb	2

The little burst was won by Lady Mary by about half a length.

SAME DAY—*Fifth Race.—The Farmers' Purse* of 5l. Mile heats. Catch weights.

Mr. Hackett's b. g. *Grosvenor*, 5 yrs	1	2	1
Mr. C. Woodward's bl. m. *Lily*, 6 yrs	*	1	*
Mr. Whitcher's ch. h. *Dick*, 4 yrs	2	*	*
Mr. Carr's b. g. *Sleepy John*, 4 yrs	2	*	*
Mr. Patterson's ch. m. *Catch-me-who-can*, 5 yrs	3	*	*
Mr. Crosby's gr. m. *Yankee Maid*, 4 yrs	4	*	*
Mr. Steele's bl. h. *The Disowned*, aged	5	*	*
Mr. Campbell's b. h. *Wanderer*, aged	*	*	*
Mr. Bowen's ch. m. *Vixen*	*	*	*
Mr. Mears' b. m. *May-Day*, aged	*	*	*
Mr. Patterson's b. m. *Sleepy Kate*, 5 yrs	*	*	*

* Not placed.

This race excited much interest from the number of horses that had been previously entered. Five only were, however, placed at the termination of the first heat. Grosvenor, rode by young Mr. Hackett, leading Dick, Sleepy John, Catch-me-who-can, and Yankee Maid. In the second heat Lily exhibited better speed than before, and came in first, but Grosvenor in the third obtained the race.

Thursday, 14th Sept.—The weather this day was fine as yesterday, but the company in attendance was not so great. The sport was far superior, however, and we question much if better could have been obtained on either the Montreal, Quebec, or Three River courses. The following was the order of the races:—

THURSDAY, Sept. 14.—*The Hunters' Stakes* of 8l., run for by horses bona fide the property of gentlemen residing in the Eastern Townships; Mile heats, over three hurdles. Weights for age, 3 yr. olds 6st.; 4, 10; 5, 11; 6 and aged 12st. The winners of the Victoria Stakes and Ladies' Purse excluded.

Mr. Langworthy's ch. g. *Cleveland*, 4 yrs. blue	1	1
Mr. Patterson's b. m. *Sleepy Kate*, 5 yrs. blue and red	1	1
Mr. Austin's ch. g. *Young Jerry*, 3 yrs. crimson and black	2	dis
Mr. Daintry's gr. m. *Columbine*, aged	bolt	
Mr. Steele's b. h. *The Disowned*, aged, yellow	dr	
Dr. Watson's b. g. *Sultan*, aged, blue and black	dr	
Mr. Whitcher's b. m. *Fanny*, aged, purple and red	dr	

The Disowned, Sultan, and Fanny were withdrawn, Columbine bolted at the first hurdle, and Young Jerry threw his rider at the third; Cleaveland coming in easily before Sleepy Kate. In the second heat Sleepy Kate knocked down the first hurdle, and was distanced, and Cleaveland merely walked the course.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Private match of 25l. a-side. Mile heats.

Mr. Chase's bl. h. *Telescope*, 5 yrs. 159lbs. pink and white	1	2	1
Mr. Cunningham's ch. f. *Burlesque*, 3 yrs. catch weight, green and white	2	1	2

This certainly was as fine a race as could possibly be desired. Throughout the first heat the horses might have been covered with a sheet, and continued so to the close, when the filly swerved from her line and lost several lengths, but managed to make up again, and probably would have still gained the heat had not an unthinking fellow hurled a hat at her in token of good will. She however was not half a length behind. In the second heat the filly maintained her ground, and came in first by about two lengths. For the third heat the interest became intense, and betting was lively. The rider of the filly, from his youth, was now nearly exhausted, and could not command his animal properly. Still she exhibited her character, and came in about a length after. Telescope is a beautiful animal, and is said to be of good breeding, and Burlesque for a three year old exhibited good speed and bottom.

SAME DAY—*Third Race.—The Juvenile Stakes*, for Saddle and Bridle; Mile heats: open to all horses except the winners at this meeting; catch weights.

Mr. Whitcher's *Dick*, 4 yrs. yellow and white	1	*	*	1
Mr. Austin's *Young Jerry*, 3 yrs	*	*	*	*
Mr. Mears' *May-Day*, aged, blue and white	*	*	*	*
Mr. Whitcher's *Brown Mare*, purple and yellow	*	*	*	*
Mr. Thompson's *Cock of the Rock*, aged, blue	*	*	*	*
Mr. M'Clintock's *Mink*, 5 yrs	dis			
Mr. Austin's *Sir Peter*, 5 yrs	dr			

This presented the young jockieys an opportunity of exhibiting their horsemanship, and much amusement was created at the appearance of some scarcely larger than their own whips. Sir Peter was withdrawn, and Mink was distanced in the first heat. Four heats were run, and the race eventually taken by Dick.

SAME DAY—*Fourth Race.*—Private match of quarter of a mile.

Mr. Cunningham's b. m. *Kate*, aged, blue and red	0	1
Mr. Daintry's gr. m. *Columbine*, aged, black and red	0	2

This was a very pretty run, and required two heats. In the first the Stewards pronounced it a dead heat, and in the second Kate won by about half a length.

SAME DAY—*Fifth Race.—The Beaten Plate* of 4l., for horses beaten during the meeting. Weights handicapped by the Stewards. Mile heats.

Mr. C. Woodward's bl. m. *Lily*	1	2	1
Mr. Daintry's gr. m. *Columbine*	2	1	2
Mr. Whitcher's ch. c. *Dick*	*	*	*
Mr. Patterson's br. m. *Sleepy Kate*	*	*	*

The sun had gone down ere this race had commenced, and before the heats could be got over the moon was shining bright. Under these circumstances it was deemed prudent to postpone the third heat, which was to determine the prize either to Lily or Columbine, till the next morning, when it was won by the former.

Several other private matches came off during the meeting, but we have not room for a particular notice of them.

Thus terminated the first regular Ascot Races. The greatest harmony and tranquillity prevailed throughout, and to the Stewards and to the Clerk of the course the company feel deeply indebted, as well as to those who were instrumental in getting them up. It is in contemplation to procure a proper scite for a course before another season, and about £200 is already subscribed for that purpose. When the track has been properly measured off, the ground fenced in, stands erected, &c., we may then speak with more confidence of "Ascot Races," and hope that they may one day approach in character to their celebrated namesake in England. In another year it is to be hoped that the Montreal, Three Rivers, Quebec, and Ascot Races may occur about the same period, to give an opportunity to a good collection of horses appearing to cend for the prizes offered.

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English Sporting Intelligence.

EXTRAORDINARY MATCH AGAINST TIME.—Burke, of Oxford, who it will be recollected some time since rode and drove against the Mazeppa coach, from London to Hereford, undertook to find and ride a horse 17 miles within the hour, on a road the worst that possibly can be picked in England, viz., 8½ miles out and back on the Halesowen and Hagley road from Birmingham. The match was for £50. About four miles on the road there is a great descent nearly three quarters of a mile in length, newly macadamised, and the remainder hilly. He is a thorough-bred brown horse, and half brother to *Mundig* and *Trustee*, 15 hands high, about 8 years old, and in remarkably poor condition—his fetlocks very long and weak, having run and won similar matches. Several days previous betting was 3 to 1 and 5 to 2 against him, but before and after starting, 2 to 1 on him. The time of starting was five o'clock on Friday week, from opposite the Plough and Harrow, and the distance was done 7 minutes and 9 seconds under the hour. Burke, on his arrival, complained of the watch given to him being put five minutes on. This by many is believed to be the fact. The object may be guessed; he perceived that he was losing on his return, and made extra speed. The horse is quite broken down. *Bell's Life in London, Sept. 17.*

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Horses.—When in conversation the other day with a gentleman who had unsuccessfully tried for a long series of years to effect the cure of windsuckers in one of his horses, by a variety of ingenious contrivances, he mentioned with satisfaction, that he had at last succeeded in his attempt. He said he had employed hardwood mangers without effect; he next overlaid them with sheets of iron, still without effect—it was gnaw, gnaw, gnaw—crunch, crunch, crunch, with the usual pernicious result. But one day lately, when examining the premises of Mr. Templeton, carpet manufacturer here, he observed a workman renewing the covering on a wool-carding machine called the drum, and this gave him a hint that proved successful. This covering in outward texture, nearly resembles the rough wiry face of a domestic wool-card, and it occurred to our friend that were he to cover the usually gnawed furniture of his stable with this article, the propensity of his "Rosinante" to make chips might be cured. The application was made—the horse renewed his old practice, but great was his surprise to find his lips come in contact with a whole legion of tormenters whenever he attempted to get a bite of his manger. His philosophy was fairly at fault—and after tapping his claret four or five times in succession, to his deep chagrin, he gave up the practice. This hint may prove useful to those who possess windsuckers.

PEDESTRIANISM.

TOWNSEND AND SHARPE AGAINST DRINKWATER.—The match between these men, for £100 a-side, is fixed to come off to-morrow morning at Lord's Ground. It is of this nature:—Townsend, who defeated Drinkwater in a former match at picking up 300 stones, a yard apart—Townsend having to pick them up with his mouth, while Drinkwater used his hands, is now to be allowed the assistance of a boy named Sharp (a cripple) to pick up the first 100 stones next the basket, after which he is to start and pick up the remaining two hundred stones, all a yard apart—both being allowed to use their hands, and not the mouth, as in Townsend's former task; but as a set-off against this co-partnership performance, Drinkwater is to be allowed a clear half hour's start. When the match was made, Townsend was of opinion that the terms were more favorable than the previous match. This, however, must depend on his own condition, and the activity of his juvenile coadjutor, as he will still have an herculean task to accomplish in picking up the most distant two hundred stones, comprising a distance of forty-six miles, or thereabouts. It is true his strength will be husbanded till the minor part of the labor is accomplished, but still this may occupy five-and-forty minutes, which is certainly more time than Drinkwater will require to pick up the first one hundred stones, and the difference between the two and the half hour given Townsend will have to fetch up to win—say about thirty-five minutes—in favor of which he certainly has the use of his hands instead of his mouth. Had Drinkwater been able to go his whole distance in the last match it would have been a very "close thing;" but he became utterly exhausted, and no wonder when it is recollected he ran four miles in 21½ minutes only a week before, an exertion which, to use a sporting phrase, "took a good deal out of him." Drinkwater has had no such drawback on the present occasion, and is described as being in "tip-top condition," and full of confidence. He has been in close training on Child's-hill, Hampstead Heath. Townsend, we hear, is not quite so "fine," having taken a slight cold during the late wet weather, while engaged in his exercise on the hills of Norwood. Still he exhibits the confidence of a veteran, and if this feeling would win there is no doubt he will bear off the laurels of victory. The match to the lovers of pedestrianism possesses great interest, and will no doubt attract a vast number of spectators. The labor of Drinkwater is to commence at nine, and that of young Sharp at half-past. The ground at Lord's will be staked out and roped as in the last match, and every care will be taken to secure "fair play and no favor." The betting has been slack, but we should say Drinkwater is a decided favorite. An offer was made at Spring's to take 300 sovs. to 100 sovs. that the distance was done in eight hours; but the figure was too large for those present. 30l. to 10l. was offered, but not accepted. *Bell's Life in London.*

FULLER'S MATCH.

On Tuesday, Fuller, who was matched for 10l. to walk fair toe and heel twenty miles in three hours and twenty-two minutes, attracted a considerable number of the lovers of pedestrianism to Lord's Grounds. The rain that fell on Monday and Tuesday morning, had made the ground heavy, and it was not improved by the partial showers that fell throughout the afternoon. Leach and many other familiar faces showed, and about two o'clock Fuller arrived with his friends, amid whom his father appeared, with a good humored smile that said, as plainly as King Claudius ever did, "Our son shall win." The outer circle or footpath of the cricket ground measures 700 yards—(some learned Theban in attendance maintained it was but 699, but we were not inclined to measure it in the drizzle, so 700 let it be), and a little aid from Crocker or Walkingame will inform us that 50 times round, added to 200 yards, makes 35,200 yards, or 20 miles. The time (202 minutes) gave ten minutes and six seconds for each mile, and those who saw Fuller walk 40 miles against Burn knew his speed to be fully equal to six miles an hour for half that distance; but those who depended upon their knowledge of "poor weak human nature," calculated that amid the chapter of accidents it might fall out that young Fuller had been living freely, and would come to the scratch out of condition. Whether he was or was not up to the mark, he certainly looked so; he had made some bye bets on events, and seemed as fresh and as gay as a bridegroom. About four o'clock he peeled, and came out of his Petersham attired in a white cotton jacket and drawers, silk stockings and shoes, his head enveloped in a crimson handkerchief. The coming in was settled to be at the corner of the building on the right, as you enter the gate. He took the extra 200 yards first, and then went round, completing the circle under four minutes each time. "That's winning," was the universal remark. A number of persons took up the walking with him from time to time; some tailed at the first 100 yards, others went round once, and one or two went with him twice round, but it was laughable to see them all degenerate into a run, and then give up the thing altogether. Those who thought six miles an hour for three hours a trifle got some useful lessons. He did 11,200 yards in the first hour, and then relaxed his pace a little. After 15 miles had been finished, a whisper was heard that he was getting cramped; we could see no signs of it—he went on just as gaily as before. In the three hours he had accomplished 18¼ miles, leaving 22 minutes for 3,080 yards, which he could then have done at the rate of five miles an hour, and won easily; but he did not choose to change his pace, and came in with 4½ minutes to spare. He was loudly cheered by his friends as he passed the house each time, and at the conclusion of the match retired to his room, and, after a rub down, was as fresh as ever. He is the fairest pedestrian in the world, never shuffling or scraping, but maintaining a fair toe and heel walk throughout. Of course, there could be little betting. Towards the conclusion of the match there were offers of 5 and 6 to 1 on Fuller, but no one seemed inclined to back the old gentleman with the sithe and hour-glass. A very respectable company were assembled in the coffee-room, and the "subscriber" had mustered in considerable force in a private room, and as there was nothing but wet without, they remained warm within until a late hour.

Sunday Times, 3d Sept., 1837.

TOWNSEND AND MOUNTJOY.—The third deposit for this match, in which Townsend undertakes to pick up three hundred stones with his mouth, while Mountjoy picks the same number up with his hands, on Monday the 25th inst., was made good at Mr. May's, Houghton-street, Clare Market, on Tuesday last. The fourth deposit will be made at Tom Spring's on Tuesday evening next; and the fifth and last at Mr. May's on Friday evening. The match is for £25 a-side, and both men are in active training.

A pedestrian, five-and-forty years of age (not Townsend), is backed to walk fifty miles a day for five successive days—half backwards and half forwards—to rest one day, and walk fifty-five miles on the following day. The distance to be performed each day from seven in the morning to seven in the evening. The feat is to commence at Lord's Ground on Tuesday next. The name of the man has not been communicated to us, but we believe it is Sutton.

Fuller, who defeated Burn in his forty miles walking match, walked 20 miles in three hours and 18¼ minutes, at Lord's Ground, on Tuesday, having three minutes and a half (according to the statement of the time-keeper) to spare of the time allowed, which was three hours and 22 minutes. The day and ground, from the rain, was very unfavorable, and little, if any, betting took place.

SPARROW SHOOTING.—A flash "Gin spinner," who was fond of "chaunting" his superiority, gave Spring 13 sparrows to 12 from the trap, at Chalk Farm, on Friday, but lost, having killed only 10 out of 12 birds, while Spring killed 12 out of 13.

On the 11th inst., Mr. J. Ruck, of London-street, while fishing under the Weir at Teddington in one of Asmo's punts, caught, with roach tackle, and safely landed, two remarkably fine barbel, one weighing 9¼ lbs., and the other 8¼ lbs. They were caught within half an hour of each other, with No. 10 hooks, and the largest of them with a single hair.

A few days ago, says the Doncaster Gazette, a live kitten was put into a box containing a ferret and some young ones, as food for the old ones. Instead, however, of immediately killing and devouring the little animal, the ferret took it under its care and protection, and brought it up with its own young. The kitten remains with them at present; but from the confinement of the place, and the overweening attachment of the old ferret in keeping it well covered with hay, it is in a weakly state, not being allowed a sufficient quantity of air and exercise. It grows up with the young ferrets, and is now about the same size. If the kitten is at any time taken from the box and placed upon the ground outside, it is immediately fetched back in the mouth of its foster-mother, and covered up in the litter along with the young ferrets. The ferret evidently possesses better qualities than the brutes who placed the kitten in the box.

TRENTON (N. J.) RACES—EAGLE COURSE.

THE Fall meeting will commence on the second Tuesday, 14th Nov. 1837, and continue three days.

First Day, at one o'clock—A Purse of $200, Two mile heats.

Second Day, at one o'clock—A Purse of $400, Three mile heats. Also, the same day, a Purse of $100, Mile heats.

Third Day, at one o'clock—Citizens' Purse $900, Four mile heats. Several Sweepstakes will also come off, of which further particulars will soon be given.

Entries for all purses must be made at the Pavillion on the day previous to each race, by 3 o'clock P. M., describing the name and age of the horse, and the dress of the rider.

On each day of the races an extra line of cars will leave the Philadelphia Rail Road Depot at half-past 9 o'clock A. M., and land passengers at the Eagle Hotel in time for the races. Returning they will leave the Eagle Hotel at 5 o'clock P. M. Fare for the excursion, $1.50.

A list of the horses that are entered for each purse will be published in the Pennsylvanian, and Public Leger, Philadelphia, on the morning of each race. Should the weather prove cold, all the apartments at the course will be furnished with good fires during the meeting.

As an unusual number of horses is expected, those that have not procured stables would do well to make early application to the subscriber, at the Eagle Hotel.

Trenton, N. J., Oct. 10, 1837. [o14] O. BAILEY, Secretary.

VALUABLE BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following Brood Mares and Colts, belonging to the estate of the late JOHN C. CRAIG, Esq., are to be sold at the Camden, N. J. Race Course, on Thursday morning, the 26th instant, at half-past 11 o'clock. Terms made known at sale.

1. Imp. mare Invalid. For pedigree see Turf Register.
2. Her two last colts by Shark.
3. Fairy, ch. m., by Herod, dam by Diomed. Also her colt by a Medley horse.
4. B. f., 3 yrs. old, by Nullifier, out of Fairy; Nullifier was by American Eclipse, out of Mr. F. Corbin's celebrated mare Roxann, the dam of Star, &c. &c.
5. Betsey, sorrel mare, by Eclipse.
6. Bay Colt, 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Betsey Archy.
7. Bay Colt, 18 months, by Shark, out of Fair Rachael, a grey mare, and celebrated four mile horse Dolon, dam by Goldfinder, grandam by Quicksilver. Dolon was by Old Diomed.

Philadelphia, Oct. 10, 1837. [o14] E. C. BIDDLE, 215 Spruce street.

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Sherbrooke Gazette.

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Thursday, 14th Sept.—The weather this day was fine as yesterday, but the company in attendance was not so great. The sport was far superior, however, and we question much if better could have been obtained on either the Montreal, Quebec, or Three River courses. The following was the order of the races:—

THURSDAY, Sept. 14.—*The Hunters' Stakes* of 8*l*., run for by horses bona fide the property of gentlemen residing in the Eastern Townships: Mile heats, over three hurdles. Weights for age, 3 yr. olds 6st.; 4, 10; 5, 11; 6 and aged 12st. The winners of the Victoria Stakes and Ladies' Purse excluded.

Mr. Langworthy's ch. g. *Cleveland*, 4 yrs. blue........ 1 1
Mr. Patterson's b. m. *Sleepy Kate*, 5 yrs. blue and red........ 2 dis
Mr. Austin's ch. g. *Young Jerry*, 3 yrs. crimson and black........ . .
Mr. Daintry's gr. m. *Columbine*, aged........ bolt.
Mr. Steele's b. h. *The Disowned*, aged, yellow........ dr
Dr. Watson's b. g. *Sultan*, aged, blue and black........ dr
Mr. Whitcher's b. m. *Fanny*, aged, purple and red........ dr

The Disowned, Sultan, and Fanny were withdrawn, Columbine bolted at the first hurdle, and Young Jerry threw his rider at the third: Cleaveland coming in easily before Sleepy Kate. In the second heat Sleepy Kate knocked down the first hurdle, and was distanced, and Cleaveland merely walked the course.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Private match of 25*l*. a-side. Mile heats.
Mr. Chase's bl. h. *Telescope*, 5 yrs. 159lbs. pink and white........ 1 2 1
Mr. Cunningham's ch. f. *Burlesque*, 3 yrs. catch weight, green and white........ 2 1 2

This certainly was as fine a race as could possibly be desired. Throughout the first heat the horses might have been covered with a sheet, and continued so to the close, when the filly swerved from her line and lost several lengths, but managed to make up again, and probably would have still gained the heat had not an unthinking fellow hurled a hat at her in token of good will. She however was not half a length behind. In the second heat the filly maintained her ground, and came in first by about two lengths. For the third heat the interest became intense, and betting was lively. The rider of the filly, from his youth, was now nearly exhausted, and could not command his animal properly. Still she exhibited her character, and came in about a length after. Telescope is a beautiful animal, and is said to be of good breeding, and Burlesque for a three year old exhibited good speed and bottom.

SAME DAY—*Third Race.*—*The Juvenile Stakes*, for Saddle and Bridle: Mile heats: open to all horses except the winners at this meeting; catch weights.
Mr. Whitcher's *Dick*, 4 yrs. yellow and white........ 1 . . 1
Mr. Austin's *Young Jerry*, 3 yrs........ . . . .
Mr. Mears' *May-Day*, aged, blue and white........ . . . .
Mr. Whitcher's *Brown Mare*, purple and yellow........ . . . .
Mr. Thompson's *Cock of the Rock*, aged, blue........ . . . .
Mr. M'Clintock's *Mink*, 5 yrs........ dis
Mr. Austin's *Sir Peter*, 5 yrs........ dr

This presented the young jockeys an opportunity of exhibiting their horsemanship, and much amusement was created at the appearance of some scarcely larger than their own whips. Sir Peter was withdrawn, and Mink was distanced in the first heat. Four heats were run, and the race eventually taken by Dick.

SAME DAY—*Fourth Race.*—Private match of quarter of a mile.
Mr. Cunningham's b. m. *Kate*, aged, blue and red........ 0 1
Mr. Daintry's gr. m. *Columbine*, aged, black and red........ 0 2

This was a very pretty run, and required two heats. In the first the Stewards pronounced it a dead heat, and in the second Kate won by about half a length.

SAME DAY—*Fifth Race.*—*The Beaten Plate* of 4*l*., for horses beaten during the meeting. Weights handicapped by the Stewards. Mile heats.
Mr. C. Woodward's bl. m. *Lily*........ 1 2 1
Mr. Daintry's gr. m. *Columbine*........ 2 1 2
Mr. Whitcher's ch. c. *Dick*........ . . .
Mr. Patterson's br. m. *Sleepy Kate*........ . . .

The sun had gone down ere this race had commenced, and before the heats could be got over the moon was shining bright. Under these circumstances it was deemed prudent to postpone the third heat, which was to determine the prize either to Lily or Columbine, till the next morning, when it was won by the former.

Several other private matches came off during the meeting, but we have not room for a particular notice of them.

Thus terminated the first regular Ascot Races. The greatest harmony and tranquillity prevailed throughout, and to the Stewards and to the Clerk of the course the company feel deeply indebted, as well as to those who were instrumental in getting them up. It is in contemplation to procure a proper scite for a course before another season, and about £200 is already subscribed for that purpose. When the track has been properly measured off, the ground fenced in, stands erected, &c., we may then speak with more confidence of "Ascot Races," and hope that they may one day approach in character to their celebrated namesake in England. In another year it is to be hoped that the Montreal, Three Rivers, Quebec, and Ascot Races may occur about the same period, to give an opportunity to a good collection of horses appearing to cond for the prizes offered.

Sherbrooke Gazette.

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Horses.—When in conversation the other day with a gentleman who had unsuccessfully tried for a long series of years to effect the cure of windsuckers in one of his horses, by a variety of ingenious contrivances, he mentioned with satisfaction, that he had at last succeeded in his attempt. He said he had employed hardwood mangers without effect; he next overlaid them with sheets of iron, still without effect—it was gnaw, gnaw, gnaw—crunch, crunch, crunch, with the usual pernicious result. But one day lately, when examining the premises of Mr. Templeton, carpet manufacturer here, he observed a workman renewing the covering on a wool-carding machine called the drum, and this gave him a hint that proved successful. This covering in outward texture, nearly resembles the rough wiry face of a domestic wool-card, and it occurred to our friend that were he to cover the usually gnawed furniture of his stable with this article, the propensity of his "Rosinante" to make chips might be cured. The application was made—the horse renewed his old practice, but great was his surprise to find his lips come in contact with a whole legion of tormenters whenever he attempted to get a bite of his manger. His philosophy was fairly at fault—and after tapping his claret four or five times in succession, to his deep chagrin, he gave up the practice. This hint may prove useful to those who possess windsuckers.

PEDESTRIANISM.

TOWNSEND AND SHARPE AGAINST DRINKWATER.—The match between these men, for £100 a-side, is fixed to come off to-morrow morning at Lord's Ground. It is of this nature:—Townsend, who defeated Drinkwater in a former match at picking up 300 stones, a yard apart—Townsend having to pick them up with his mouth, while Drinkwater used his hands, is now to be allowed the assistance of a boy named Sharp (a cripple) to pick up the first 100 stones next the basket, after which he is to start and pick up the remaining two hundred stones, all a yard apart—both being allowed to use their hands, and not the mouth, as in Townsend's former task; but as a set-off against this co-partnership performance, Drinkwater is to be allowed a clear half hour's start. When the match was made, Townsend was of opinion that the terms were more favorable than the previous match. This, however, must depend on his own condition, and the activity of his juvenile coadjutor, as he will still have an herculean task to accomplish in picking up the most distant two hundred stones, comprising a distance of forty-six miles, or thereabouts. It is true his strength will be husbanded till the minor part of the labor is accomplished, but still this may occupy five-and-forty minutes, which is certainly more time than Drinkwater will require to pick up the first one hundred stones, and the difference between the two and the half hour given Townsend will have to fetch up to win—say about thirty-five minutes—in favor of which he certainly has the use of his hands instead of his mouth. Had Drinkwater been able to go his whole distance in the last match it would have been a very "close thing;" but he became utterly exhausted, and no wonder when it is recollected he ran four miles in 21½ minutes only a week before, an exertion which, to use a sporting phrase, "took a good deal out of him." Drinkwater has had no such drawback on the present occasion, and is described as being in "tip-top condition," and full of confidence. He has been in close training on Child's-hill, Hampstead Heath. Townsend, we hear, is not quite so "fine," having taken a slight cold during the late wet weather, while engaged in his exercise on the hills of Norwood. Still he exhibits the confidence of a veteran, and if this feeling would win there is no doubt he will bear off the laurels of victory. The match to the lovers of pedestrianism possesses great interest, and will no doubt attract a vast number of spectators. The labor of Drinkwater is to commence at nine, and that of young Sharp at half-past. The ground at Lord's will be staked out and roped as in the last match, and every care will be taken to secure "fair play and no favor." The betting has been slack, but we should say Drinkwater is a decided favorite. An offer was made at Spring's to take 300 sovs. to 100 sovs. that the distance was done in eight hours; but the figure was too large for those present. 30*l*. to 10*l*. was offered, but not accepted. Bell's Life in London.

FULLER'S MATCH.

On Tuesday, Fuller, who was matched for 10*l*. to walk fair toe and heel twenty miles in three hours and twenty-two minutes, attracted a considerable number of the lovers of pedestrianism to Lord's Grounds. The rain that fell on Monday and Tuesday morning, had made the ground heavy, and it was not improved by the partial showers that fell throughout the afternoon. Leach and many other familiar faces showed, and about two o'clock Fuller arrived with his friends, amid whom his father appeared, with a good humored smile that said, as plainly as King Claudius ever did, "Our son shall win." The outer circle or footpath of the cricket ground measures 700 yards—(some learned Theban in attendance maintained it was but 699, but we were not inclined to measure it in the drizzle, so 700 let it be), and a little aid from Crocker or Walkingame will inform us that 50 times round, added to 200 yards, makes 35,200 yards, or 20 miles. The time (202 minutes) gave ten minutes and six seconds for each mile, and those who saw Fuller walk 40 miles against Burn knew his speed to be fully equal to six miles an hour for half that distance; but those who depended upon their knowledge of "poor weak human nature," calculated that amid the chapter of accidents it might fall out that young Fuller had been living freely, and would come to the scratch out of condition. Whether he was or was not up to the mark, he certainly looked so; he had made some bye bets on events, and seemed as fresh and as gay as a bridegroom. About four o'clock he peeled, and came out of his Petersham attired in a white cotton jacket and drawers, silk stockings and shoes, his head enveloped in a crimson handkerchief. The coming in was settled to be at the corner of the building on the right, as you enter the gate. He took the extra 200 yards first, and then went round, completing the circle under four minutes each time. "That's winning," was the universal remark. A number of persons took up the walking with him from time to time; some tailed at the first 100 yards, others went round once, and one or two went with him twice round, but it was laughable to see them all degenerate into a run, and then give up the thing altogether. Those who thought six miles an hour for three hours a trifle got some useful lessons. He did 11,200 yards in the first hour, and then relaxed his pace a little. After 15 miles had been finished, a whisper was heard that he was getting cramped; we could see no signs of it—he went on just as gaily as before. In the three hours he had accomplished 18¼ miles, leaving 22 minutes for 3,080 yards, which he could then have done at the rate of five miles an hour, and won easily; but he did not choose to change his pace, and came in with 4½ minutes to spare. He was loudly cheered by his friends as he passed the house each time, and at the conclusion of the match retired to his room, and, after a rub down, was as fresh as ever. He is the fairest pedestrian in the world, never shuffling or scraping, but maintaining a fair toe and heel walk throughout. Of course, there could be little betting. Towards the conclusion of the match there were offers of 5 and 6 to 1 on Fuller, but no one seemed inclined to back the old gentleman with the sithe and hour-glass. A very respectable company were assembled in the coffee-room, and the "subscriber" had mustered in considerable force in a private room, and as there was nothing but wet without, they remained warm within until a late hour.

Sunday Times, 3d Sept., 1837.

TOWNSEND AND MOUNTJOY.—The third deposit for this match, in which Townsend undertakes to pick up three hundred stones with his mouth, while Mountjoy picks the same number up with his hands, on Monday the 25th inst., was made good at Mr. May's, Houghton-street, Clare Market, on Tuesday last. The fourth deposit will be made at Tom Spring's on Tuesday evening next: and the fifth and last at Mr. May's on Friday evening. The match is for £25 a-side, and both men are in active training.

A pedestrian, five-and-forty years of age (not Townsend), is backed to walk fifty miles a day for five successive days—half backwards and half forwards—to rest one day, and walk fifty-five miles on the following day. The distance to be performed each day from seven in the morning to seven in the evening. The feat is to commence at Lord's Ground on Tuesday next. The name of the man has not been communicated to us, but we believe it is Sutton.

Fuller, who defeated Burn in his forty miles walking match, walked 20 miles in three hours and 18½ minutes, at Lord's Ground, on Tuesday, having three minutes and a half (according to the statement of the time-keeper) to spare of the time allowed, which was three hours and 22 minutes. The day and ground, from the rain, was very unfavorable, and little, if any, betting took place.

SPARROW SHOOTING.—A flash "Gin spinner," who was fond of "chaunting" his superiority, gave Spring 13 sparrows to 12 from the trap, at Chalk Farm, on Friday, but lost, having killed only 10 out of 12 birds, while Spring killed 12 out of 13.

On the 11th inst., Mr. J. Ruck, of London-street, while fishing under the Weir at Teddington in one of Asmo's punts, caught, with roach tackle, and safely landed, two remarkably fine barbel, one weighing 9¼ lbs., and the other 8¼ lbs. They were caught within half an hour of each other, with No. 10 hooks, and the largest of them with a single hair.

A few days ago, says the Doncaster Gazette, a live kitten was put into a box containing a ferret and some young ones, as food for the old ones. Instead, however, of immediately killing and devouring the little animal, the ferret took it under its care and protection, and brought it up with its own young. The kitten remains with them at present; but from the confinement of the place, and the overweening attachment of the old ferret in keeping it well covered with hay, it is in a weakly state, not being allowed a sufficient quantity of air and exercise. It grows up with the young ferrets, and is now about the same size. If the kitten is at any time taken from the box and placed upon the ground outside, it is immediately fetched back in the mouth of its foster-mother, and covered up in the litter along with the young ferrets. The ferret evidently possesses better qualities than the brutes who placed the kitten in the box.

TRENTON (N. J.) RACES—EAGLE COURSE.

THE Fall meeting will commence on the second Tuesday, 14th Nov. 1837, and continue three days.

First Day, at one o'clock—A Purse of $200, Two mile heats.

Second Day, at one o'clock—A Purse of $400, Three mile heats. Also, the same day, a Purse of $100, Mile heats.

Third Day, at one o'clock—Citizens' Purse $900, Four mile heats. Several Sweepstakes will also come off, of which further particulars will soon be given.

Entries for all purses must be made at the Pavillion on the day previous to each race, by 3 o'clock P. M., describing the name and age of the horse, and the dress of the rider.

On each day of the races an extra line of cars will leave the Philadelphia Rail Road Depot at half-past 9 o'clock A. M., and land passengers at the Eagle Hotel in time for the races. Returning they will leave the Eagle Hotel at 5 o'clock P. M. Fare for the excursion, $1.50. A list of the horses that are entered for each purse will be published in the Pennsylvanian, and Public Leger, Philadelphia, on the morning of each race. Should the weather prove cold, all the apartments at the course will be furnished with good fires during the meeting.

As an unusual number of horses is expected, those that have not procured stables would do well to make early application to the subscriber, at the Eagle Hotel.

Trenton, N. J., Oct. 10, 1837. [o14] O. BAILEY, Secretary.

VALUABLE BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following Brood Mares and Colts, belonging to the estate of the late JOHN C. CRAIG, Esq., are to be sold at the Camden, N. J. Race Course, on Thursday morning, the 26th instant, at half-past 11 o'clock. Terms made known at sale.

1. Imp. mare Invalid. For pedigree see Turf Register.
2. Her two last colts by Shark.
3. Fairy, ch. m., by Herod, dam by Diomed. Also her colt by a Medley horse.
4. B. f., 3 yrs. old, by Nullifier, out of Fairy. Nullifier was by American Eclipse, out of Mr. F. Corbin's celebrated mare Roxann, the dam of Star, &c. &c.
5. Betsey, sorrel mare, by Eclipse.
6. Bay Colt, 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Betsey Archy.
7. Bay Colt, 18 months, by Shark, out of Fair Rachael, a grey mare, and celebrated four mile horse Dolon, dam by Goldfinder, grandam by Quicksilver. Dolon was by Old Diomed.

Philadelphia, Oct. 10, 1837. [o14] E. C. BIDDLE, 215 Spruce street

SWEEPSTAKES, Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

NO. 1. Mile heats, subscription $100, forfeit $50. The second Saturday in November, 1837.
1. W. J. Minor names s. f. by Longwaist, out of Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
2. " " " gr. f. Giulia Grisi, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
3. W. H. Chambers names b. f. by Red Rover—Mary Mead, by Palafox.
4. P. Hoggatt names gr. g. by Longwaist—Piano, by Pacolet.
5. O. F. Hornsby names b. g. by Red Rover—Fennella, by Whip.
6. F. L. Claiborne names f. by Red Rover—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
7. Isaac Elmine names gr. f. by Longwaist—Minerva, by Mercury.
8. W. S. Smith names s. f. by Longwaist—Flight, by Virginian.
9. Osmun Claiborne names s. f. by Longwaist—Old Dido. [Closed.]

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250—Tuesday of the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.
1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. " " " Jane Elliot, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Doncaster (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. " " " br. f. Britannia (imp.), by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. Tishimingo, by Leviathan—Lilac's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Elliot & Co. name b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Duncan & J. W. Withers name ch. f. Own Sister to Linnet. [Closed.]

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $200, ft. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.
1. F. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
2. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Bailey—Imp. Boaster.
3. W. J. Minor names s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
4. " " " s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b. f. Seminola, by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.
1. J. B. Pryor names produce of Tochechana and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. " " " b. c. Glennara, produce of Nell Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of Chuckaluck and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Plowden and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of A. Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. " " " produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]

No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.
1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne " " " Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cock " " " " Sally Nailor.
Dec. 5th, 1836. [Closed.]

No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.
1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey.
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckfor hila, by Bertrand.
3. " " " b. f. Nehusta, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. " " " gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ———

To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.

No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.
1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phebe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. " " " s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.

Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.

Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, Proprietor.

MILLEDGEVILLE (Ga.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

ON the 2d Tuesday in November next the races over the Milledgeville Course will commence, in the following order.

First Day—Mile heats, for colts, a fine Silver Pitcher and Cup, worth - $150
Second Day—Two mile heats, free for all, Purse - 300
Third Day—Three mile heats, free for all, Purse - 600
Fourth Day—Four mile heats, free for all, Purse - 800
Fifth Day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5 - 350

☞ The money to be hung up each day.
☞ The Races to be governed by the Rules of the Lafayette Course, Augusta.
[o14] HENRY F. YOUNG & Co., Proprietors.

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for 1839, sub. $500, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close before the first day of October, 1837, to which there are six subscribers, 3 or more to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.
Col. Wade Hampton. | Robert D. Glover.
Col. Joseph H. Townes. | G. Edmonson
Col. John Crowell. | John Morrison.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1840. Entrance $1600, ft. $250. Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz:—
Augustus H. Kenan | Col. W. Hampton | Griffin Edmonson.
Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837. [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

CAMDEN (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

WILL commence, on this course, on the 1st Monday in Nov. next, with a Sweepstakes Mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 6 subs.
1. J. J. Moore, | 4. J. B. Richardson,
2. J. J. Mickle, | 5. W. Hampton,
3. P. McRa. | 6. A. R. Ruffin.

Tuesday.—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats; purse not less than $600.
Wednesday.—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats; purse not less than $500.
Thursday.—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats; purse not less than $350.
Friday.—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5; purse not less than $350.
Camden, S. C. July 18, 1837. [Ju29] J. S. NETTLES, Sec'y and Treas'r.

COLUMBIA (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

ANNUAL RACES.—Will come off the Third Tuesday in Nov. 1837.
First day—Four mile heats,
Second day—Three mile heats,
Third day—Two mile heats,
Fourth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
} Free for all horses.

On the day previous a Stake for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old; 14 subs.; $200 ent., h. ft.; Two mile heats. Closed.
Col. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Godolphin.
Col. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Bertrand, jun.
P. M. Butler names produce of Symmetry and Godolphin.
J. H. Hammond names produce of Arcadian and Eclipse.
J. J. Mickle names produce of Young Grand Duchess and Yeman.
John McLean names produce of Lady Burk and Herr Cline.
W. Thompson names produce of Sally Hopkin and Red-gauntlet.
W. E. Haskell names produce of Amanda and Rob Roy.
P. McRae names produce of a Bedford Mare and Godolphin.
Col. Singleton names produce of Phenomena and Luzborough.
M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances and Bertrand.
Col. W. C. Beatty names produce of Stockholder Mare and Eclipse.
F. J. Henderson names produce of Pacolet Mare and Bertrand.
Col. J. J. Mickle names produce of Virginia Mare and Yeman.

On the Monday following the annual races, the Hampton Plate will be run for according to the following Resolution of the Club.

Resolved, That the entrance for the Hampton Plate shall be equal to the value of the Plate—shall be reinstated in Plate of the same value and description, to be run for annually the day after the regular races—distance, Two mile heats. Free for all horses carrying their appropriate weights. [S2-4t] G. STALKER, Sec'y and Treas'r.

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 6 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump."

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats. Ent. $300, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $1000, ft. $300; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now one sub.

A Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting, 1840, Mile heats; ent. $700, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 2 subs. [Ju29] JOHN S. CORBIN, Proprietor.

NEWBERRY C. H. (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence on this course, on Monday, the 25th Dec. next, with a Sweepstakes, Two mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 5 subs.
James M. Henderson. | Major J. M. Starke.
W. R. Smith. | Simeon Fair, Esq.
Major Wm. Eadins.

Tuesday—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats.
Wednesday—J. C. Purse, Mile heats.
Thursday—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats.
Friday—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

And on Wednesday, immediately after the regular race is over, a Sweepstakes will be run, Mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft., for 2 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 7 subs.
Major J. D. Williams, | Major J. M. Starke,
William Noland, | Major J. D. Williams,
M. R. Smith, | Capt. A. Griffin.
Simeon Fair, Esq.

There is also two other Sweepstakes, still open, to come off Fall meeting, 1838, to both of which, however, there is a sufficient number of subs. to ensure a race.
[S2] R. STEWART, Sec'y & Treas'r.

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE RACES over the BASCOMBE COURSE will come off on the 21st of November next, and continue five days. First day, a Post Sweepstakes, for colts and fillies, three years old, spring 1837, two mile heats, $500 entrance, $100 forfeit, to close 1st September next—four entries.
Second day, Jockey Club Purse, $500, Two Mile Heats.
Third day, do do 700, Three Mile Heats.
Fourth day, do do 1000, Four Mile Heats.
Fifth day, do do 300, Best 3 in 5.

All entries for the Sweepstakes to be addressed to the Secretary, enclosing note for forfeit, payable 1st November next. The money for each day's Purse hung up without discount. Entrance, five per cent on the amount of purses. Stables and litter furnished by the proprietor gratis. EDW'D B. GALE Secretary.

☞ The Races at Huntsville, Columbus, Miss., and Greensboro, Ala., will be so arranged, as to give [illegible] coming in that direction time to get to Mobile and New Orleans for the Races. s19

IMPORTANT SALE OF BLOOD STOCK

THE Subscribers will sell at public auction on the Four mile day of the 2d Fall meeting of the N. Y. Jockey Club, Union Course, L. I., a number of valuable thorough-bred horses, at John R. Snediker's Hotel, at 10 o'clock, particulars of which will hereafter be given. [o7] JOHN W. WATSON & Co., Tattersalls, Broadway.

SITUATION WANTED

AN ENGLISH GROOM that can adduce the best references for his probity and faithfulness, is desirous of procuring a situation as assistant in a training stable, or in a gentleman's family. He is acquainted with the management of horses, and will make himself generally useful. Notes addressed to "P. R." and left at this office, will meet prompt attention.

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES—ECLIPE COURSE,

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December, 1837, for the following purses.—
Four mile heats $5000, $500 to the second best horse.
Three mile heats $3000, $400 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats $1500, $300 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats, Plate, value $1000—5 year olds and under, their appropriate weight; 6 yr. olds and over, 100lbs. Liberal purses will be given for Mile heats and Mile heats best 3 in 5. Same purses will be given at the Spring meeting, the first Tuesday in April, 1838.
Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor and Treasurer.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, Fall meeting, 1837; to commence 1st Tuesday in December.

A Post Stake for all ages, Four mile heats; sub. $5000, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To be run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in December. To close the 1st Sept. 1837. One subscriber.—This stake will in all probability have 6 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run 1st day of the Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250; to name and close as above.

Spring meeting, 1838, to commence 1st Tuesday in April.

A Post Stake, P. P., for 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $1000; 5 subs. and closed.

Sweepstakes for all ages, Three mile heats; sub. $2500, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in April. To name and close the 1st of Jan. 1838. Address Y. N. OLIVER, New Orleans.
New Orleans, May 1, 1837. [m13]

ELKHORN (Ky.) FALL RACES

WILL come off the first Wednesday in November, 1837.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, ent. $100, h. ft., and closed.
Wm. Buford, jun., names ch. f. Ellen Tree, by Medoc, out of Morocco, by Tiger.
L. Sanders, jun., names b. f. Julia Dunant, by McDuffie, dam by Turpin's horse.
John Clarke names b. c. Hawk-eye, by Sir Lovell, dam by Sir William.
On the same day, a Sweepstakes, One mile out, for 3 yr. olds, ent. $25.
Lewis Sanders, jun., names b. c. by McDuffie.
Dr. L. Sanders names b. f. by Trumpator.
Ben. Luckett names ch. f. by Jackson, dam by Sumpter.
Second Day—Purse $300, Three mile heats, ent. $30.
Third Day—Purse $200, Two mile heats, ent. $20.
Fourth Day—Sweepstakes, Mile heats, ent. $50, free for all ages, to remain open up to the evening previous to the race.
On the same day, at 3 o'clock, a Post Stake for 3 year olds, that have never won a race, ent. $50. BEN. LUCKETT, Secretary.
Elkhorn, Ky., Sept. 1, 1837.—[S 16]

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.
Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.
1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.
1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837. To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE.

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

IMPORTED MARE WOODBINE

FOR SALE.—The Imp. mare *Woodbine* will be sold at public auction on the Four mile day of the 2d Fall meeting, Union Course, at John R. Snediker's Hotel, at 12 o'clock, with her yearling colt and one at foot, both by Imp. *Barefoot*. Woodbine was stinted this season to Imp. *Trustee*. She is a brown, about 9 years old, and was imported by Mr. Head in 1833. Her pedigree will be furnished at the sale. [o7]

COLT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a 3 year old colt, of a rich brown color, fifteen and a half hands high, full, and very handsome. He was got by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Grand Duchess, the dam of Busiris. C. IRVINE.
Philadelphia, July 22, 1837. [Ju29]

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jul.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre: Miller's Modern Acting Drama: Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17]

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Boshe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J10]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL,

[m18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans, Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st. up-stairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c. None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent.
[J22] RICHARD RUSSELL.

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 2d inst. and will leave here every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola, $6. E. MURRAY, Master.

N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [Jl7] Mobile Ala., June 1, 1837.

TO THE FASHIONABLE AND SPORTING WORLD.

FOR DYING THE HAIR, from Grey or Red to a beautiful Black or Brown.—*Mohammed's Turkish Dye* is universally admitted to be the best article ever sent before the public. It is daily superseding every other preparation for the purpose, which is mostly composed of deleterious materials, and must eventually give way entirely to the Turkish Dye. Its operation is almost magical, being applied to the head at night before going to bed; on rising in the morning the transformation is complete. The skin meantime suffers no change, either from discolorment, eruption, roughness, or other cause—its use being attended with no inconvenience or ill consequences whatever.

Price $2. Sold wholesale and retail, by
[A12] H. C. HART, 173 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-St.

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [At26]

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE subscriber has received by late arrivals from Europe an excellent assortment of single and double barrel PERCUSSION FOWLING PIECES, manufactured by WESTLEY RICHARDS of London, and other celebrated makers, which he offers on most advantageous terms, wholesale and retail.

N. B. On hand some very fair second hand double barrel, flint lock, Fowling Pieces, to be sold very cheap. Pocket, Holster, Bell and Dewelling Pistols.
[Sept 16 8t.] W. F. WREAKS, 113, Fulton-street.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - Lafayette Co., Match, $5000 a-side, *Gerow* vs. *Charlotte Barnes*, Dec. 4.
" " Jockey Club, Lafayette Course, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
CAMDEN, S. C. - - - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Monday in Nov.
COLUMBIA, S. C. - - - Annual Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
ELKHORN, Ky. - - - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 1st Nov.
CHRISTIANVILLE, Va. Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th Nov.
GREENSBORO', Ala. - - Henry Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 5th Tuesday, 31st Oct.
" " Old Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th Nov.
HUNTSVILLE, Ala. - - North Alabama Association Fall meeting, last Monday, 30th Oct.
LITTLE ROCK, Arks. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 8th Nov.
MEMPHIS, Tenn. - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Monday, 6th Nov.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - Bascombe Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga. Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Nov.
NASHVILLE, N. C. - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 1st Nov.
NEWBERRY C. H., S. C. Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Monday, 25th Dec.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn. vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - Match, 2 m. h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Angora* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May, 1838.
NEW YORK CITY. - - Union Course, L. I., Second Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 31st Oct.
" " " Match, $5000 a side, Mile heats, *Henry A. Wise* vs. *Gift*, 2d Fall meeting.
" " " Match, $2000 a-side, 2 m. h. *Br. to Post Boy*, vs. *Br. to Coronet*, sametime.
" " " Beacon Course, N. J., immediately opposite N. Y. City, First meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th Nov. The purses are numerous, and the races continue four days.
NASHVILLE, S. C. - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 1st Nov.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, Eclipse Course, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
OPELOUSAS, La. - - - Jockey Club annual Fall meeting, 1st Thursday, 2d Nov.
SPRINGFIELD, Ala. - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th Nov.
TARBORO', N. C. - - Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - Eagle Course, Single Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th Nov.
UNIONVILLE, S. C. - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 1st Nov.
VICKSBURG, Miss. - - Match, —— heats, $4000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
" " Match, $5000 aside, 1 mile out, *D. Hardeman*, vs. *Bob Collins*, 20th Nov.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

TERRE HAUTE (Ind.) FALL RACES.

The "Wabash (Indiana) Courier," gives us the annexed report of the late meeting on the *Central Course*, at that place. Indiana, Illinois, Arkansas, and Missouri, are giving the utmost encouragement to the sports of the turf, and throughout them all there exists a very strong feeling on the subject. The Courier remarks:—

"Since the establishment of the Sports on the Turf, in the Wabash Valley, nothing has excelled the late exhibition at this place. An unusually large number of horses visited the track, nearly all of them in fine condition, and all marking the improvements made in our stock during the last few years. The track at this place, as the public is already aware, has been re-located, and now occupies a site on our beautiful prairie, never excelled in this or any other country.—It is laid off in two straight stretches, of six hundred and five yards each, connected by two semi-circles, each of two hundred and seventy-five yards, making the track, *measured on the inside*, just one mile and two yards. Good judges pronounce it the most beautiful natural track in the West, and, indeed, would challenge a comparison with any in the Union, with the exception of its newness, which is by no means favorable to quick time. Age, and additional improvements, will obviate this objection."

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 4, 1837.—Purse $100, free only for 3 year olds. colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.
Jacob Powers' br. c. *Truxton*,* by Commodore Truxton, dam by Badger.......... 1 1
D. Weisager's ro. f. *Lady Harrison* by Sir William, dam by Democrat.......... 2 2
M. F. Cunningham's b. c. *Little John*, by Sumpter, out of Old Fly.......... 3 3
M. M. Bayse's s. c. *Shakspeare*, by Shakspeare, dam by Printer.......... bolt.
Time, 1:59—1:57. Track heavy. * Truxton carried 9lbs extra.

This race was handsomely contested during the first thousand yards by all the horses, when the Shakspeare colt bolted out of the track, and could not be brought in again. Little John ran over a dog about the same time, by which he lost several yards, but saved his distance, and started in the second heat in a gallant style, in which he contested with Truxton till relieved of his charge by Lady Harrison, near the turn for the stand, who ran up, locked the brown colt, in which position they both passed the judges' stand, Truxton about two feet ahead. This race excited some little feeling, from the fact that Truxton's rider was accused of unfairness; but after a most full and ample examination by the Judges and the Turf Club, it was declared that there was no ground for the charge. The owner of Truxton offered, subsequently, to run the race over, but Mr. Weisager, with the spirit of a true turfite, expressed his determination to abide by the decision of the judges. Truxton's overweight made nearly fifty yards against him.

THURSDAY, Oct. 5.—Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.
M. F. Cunningham's b. f. *Polly Hopkins*, by Splendor, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.......... 1 1
James Shaw's b. h. *Covington Buck*, by Stockholder, dam by Citizen, 5 yrs.......... 2 dis
John Galvin's b. m. *Molly Long*, by Saxe Weimar, dam by Pirate, 5 yrs.......... 3 dis
A. M. Boatright's s. h. *Just in Time*, pedigree unknown.......... pd. ft
Time, 6:37—6:47. Track very heavy, owing to rains the preceding night.

There was but little contest in this race, Polly Hopkins proving vastly the better nag in speed, bottom, and spirit. She led the field from the stand, and was never locked or crowded during the six miles. The saddle slipped on her neck before she had ran five hundred yards, in which position her rider maintained himself during the first heat, winning both in gallant style, and distancing the field with perfect ease. She was rode by Jacob Powers, whose presence of mind and horsemanship, during the first heat, (while riding literally on the mare's neck), was universally acknowledged.

FRIDAY, Oct. 6.—Purse $150, free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.
John Galvin's (Messrs. Layman & Hannah's) s. h. *Red Hawk*, by Bertrand, dam by Printer, 4 yrs.......... 2 1 1
Col. E. G. Floyd's s. m. *Emma Snow*, by Saxe Weimar, out of Maria 5 yrs.......... 1 2 dr
F. R. Hazell's b. h. *Streamlet*, by Bertrand, dam by Post Boy, 5 yrs.......... dis
Col. Huntington's b. h. *Paul Clifford*, by Bertrand, dam unknown, 5 yrs.......... dis
M. M. Bayse's ch. h. *Phosphorus*, by Cherokee, dam by Sumpter 4 yrs.......... dis
Time, 4:37—4:36 Track heavy, but improving.

This was by far the most beautiful race ever ran (with one exception) over this track. The sorrel mare was placed fourth at the stand, but got possession of the track in a run of about four hundred yards, and though hard pressed by all the horses at times, bid defiance to her adversaries, and won the heat in a gallant run as was ever witnessed on Fort Harrison Prairie. She lost the next heat by some three or four feet, and was then withdrawn. Her competitor is, indeed, a very fine horse. Several of the horses in this race were considered out of order.

SATURDAY, Oct. 7.—Purse $100, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Daniel Weisager's ro. f. *Lady Harrison*, by Sir William, dam by Democrat, 3 y. 2 1 1 1
F. H Hazell's b. h. *Cherokee*, by Cherokee, dam unknown, 6 yrs.......... 1 2 2 2
M. F. Cunningham's b. c. *Little John*, by Sumpter, out of Old Fly, 3 yrs.......... 3 3 dr
Time, 2:03—2:06—2:10—2:15. Track good.

St. LOUIS (Mo.) FALL RACES,

Over the "St. Louis Course," commenced on the 2d inst. (those over the "Sulphur Spring Course," near that city, were to commence on the 17th inst.) The Daily Republican furnishes us with reports, from which are compiled the following:—

MONDAY, Oct. 2, 1837.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
Mr. Moore's gr. c. *Sir Richard*, by Sir Richard, dam by Partnership.......... 3 1 1
P. C. Bush's b. f. *Star*, by Star, dam not given.......... 2 3 2
John Kimball's s. f. *Proofsheet*, by Eclipse, dam by Florizel.......... 1 2 3
Mr. Judy's b. c. *Douglas*, by Sir William, dam not known.......... 4 dis
Mr. J. Frost's *Rights of Women*, W. J. Freeland's *Dick Johnson* and E. J. Hatfield's *Ben Prior*.......... pd. ft.
Time, 1:53—1:58—2:05

The first heat was handsomely contested by Proofsheet and Star, and won by the former by about a foot, the gray colt running an excellent third, and the bay colt barely saving his distance. The second heat was won by the gray colt a little over a length, followed by Proofsheet, and Star close in with her, the bay colt being distanced. The third heat was won with ease by the gray colt.—Owing to a baulk in the start, Proofsheet did not get off until Sir Richard and Star had gone nearly a hundred yards and of course was unable to win.

TUESDAY, Oct. 3.—Purse $150, ent. $15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lb.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.
Philo C. Bush's b. c. *James Townley*, by Columbus, dam by Winter's Arabian, 4 yrs. 1 1
John Frost's b. h. *Jack Downing*, by Saxe Weimer, dam by Topgallant, 5 yrs.......... 4 2
E. J. Hatfield's b. h. *Triumval*, by Peacemaker, dam by Diomed, 5 yrs.......... 2 dis
L. B. Dixon's ch. h. *Troubadour*, by Mons Tonson, dam not given, aged.......... 3 dis
Mr. Ross's b. h. *Jo Davies*, by Timoleon, dam not given, 5 yrs.......... 5 dr
Time, 1:56—2:00. Track in good order.

The first heat was contested by James Townley and Triumval, and won by the former, Jo Davies barely saving his distance, the other two running close up. The second heat was won easily by the same horse, who took the lead at the start and maintained it throughout in spite of some severe brushes by Jack Downing, distancing Triumval and Troubadour.

SAME DAY—*Pacing Sweepstakes*.—Three subs. at $50 each, P. P. Mile heats.

These stakes were carried off by Mr. Warrance's gray saddle horse: the first heat being decided to be a dead heat between his and Mr. Ames' saddle horse.—Time, 3:30—3:28—3:18.

The sports of this day were more interesting than the day previous, and a much larger number were in attendance. The track was in fine order, and in addition to the regular races, there were several *Mile races* in which much interest was manifested.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 4.—Purse $200, ent. $20, free for all ages; weights as before: Two mile heats.
Uzzell & Bissell's s. f. *Molly Long*, by Tom Fletcher, dam by Janus, 4 yrs.......... 1
Col. F. Demint's b. h. *Velox*,* by Timoleon, dam by Sir Archie, 6 yrs.......... dis
Time, 3:57. Track in good order. * Rider fell.

Velox's rider fell off on the 2d quarter of the second mile, which accounts for his being placed as a distanced horse. On same day a match for $500 was made between Messrs. Uzzell and Bissell, and Col. Demint. The former to run the s. f. Molly Long against the b. h. Velox, Two mile heats, to come off next Saturday, at 12 o'clock, M., on this course.

THURSDAY, Oct. 5.—Purse $300, ent. $30, free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.
John Frost's br. m. *Sleepy Kate*, by Waxy, dam by Davis's Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.......... 2 1
John Kimball's b. h. *Sidney*, by Sir Charles, dam by Rattler, aged.......... 1 dr
Time, 7:00. Track very heavy.

The first heat was won in 7:00 by Sidney, who was discovered to be severely injured in the off fore leg, and was withdrawn by his owner. The purse, of course, was given to Sleepy Kate.

The course was well attended considering the weather.

FRIDAY, Oct. 6.—Purse $500, ent. $50; free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.
Philo C. Bush's br. h. *Tom Branch*, by Star, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.......... 1 1
S. S. McCollough's ch. h. *Sam Houston*, by Rattler, d. by Taylor's Hamiltonian, 5 y. 2 dis
John Kimball's b. h. *Henry Archy*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, aged.......... dis
John Frost's gr. m. *Fleta*, by Johnson's Medley, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 4 yrs., being lame on the morning of the race, was.......... dr
Time, 8:37—8:37. Track exceedingly heavy.

Tom Branch having the track, took the lead and kept it throughout the first heat, Archy running 2d for two miles, when he was passed by Houston, who made an unsuccessful attempt for the lead, and managed some how to save his distance.

SATURDAY, Oct. 7.—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Three subs. at $50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
John Frost's ch. f. *Raneopus*, by Flagellator, dam by Harwood, *received forfeit* from Dr. J. W. Lott's b. f. *Waterwitch*, by Phillip's Duroc, out of full sister to Leopold, and Capt. T. J. Payne's ch. f. *Ellen Fletcher*, by Tom Fletcher, dam by Eclipse.

A match has been made between the b. c. Douglas, mentioned above, and a Black Hawk colt belonging to Mr. Waddingham, of this city, to come off over the Sulphur Spring Course next week. Distance, One mile and repeat.

DANVILLE (Va.) FALL RACES.

TUESDAY, Oct. 3, 1837.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
Wm. McCargo's b. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Virginian.......... 1 1
David McDaniel's b. c. *Ely*, by ——, dam by Eaton's Columbus.......... 2 2
Robt. Townes' & J. C. Carter's b. c. *Clarion*, by Murat, dam by Pacolet.......... pd. ft
Leonard Phelps' s. c. by Eclipse, out of Susan by Pulaski.......... pd. ft
Time, 1:54—1:55

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 4.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies; weights as before; 3 subs. at $50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
Wm. McCargo's b. f. by Lance, dam by Imp. Eagle.......... 1 1
D. McDaniel's b. c. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Alexandria.......... 2 dis
Townes & Carter's b. c. *Gerard*, by ——, dam by Sir William.......... dis
Time, 1:54—1:55.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*.—Purse $225, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
David McDaniel's s. h. *Red Wasp*, by Shakspeare, dam by Madison, 5 yrs.......... 4 1 1
James Williamson's s. f. by Eclipse, dam not given, 3 yrs.......... 3 2 2
Wm. McCargo's b. m. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs.......... 2 3 3
Leonard Phelps' gr. h. *Jim Henry*, by Medley, dam by Ragland's Diomed, 5 yrs.. 1 4 dr
Townes & Carter's b. h. *Ned Collier*, by Murat, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs.......... dis
Time, 3:55—3:59—4:06.

THURSDAY, Oct. 5.—Purse $200, free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.
Leonard Phelps' ch. h. *Livingston*, by Medley, dam by Eaton's Van Tromp, 5 yrs. 1 3 1
David McDaniel's b. h. *Pioneer*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, 5 yrs.......... 3 1 2
James Williamson's s g. *Isham Puckett*, by Arab, dam not given, aged.......... 2 2 3
Time, 4:01—3:52—3:56.

FRIDAY, Oct. 6.—Purse $400, free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.
Wm. McCargo's b. m. *Sally Eubanks*, by Roanoke, dam by Constitution, aged.......... 1 1
Leonard Phelps' ch. h. *Bolus*, by Lance, dam by Constitution, 4 yrs.......... 3 2
James Williamson's ch. h. *Sir Kenneth*,* by Mons. Tonson, out of Aurora, 5 yrs.......... 2 dr
Time, 5:54—5:59. * Sir Kenneth proved lame and was consequently drawn.
JOS. BIAS TERRY, *Secretary*.

FAST TROTTERS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a very fine SORREL GELDING, 7 years old, 16 hands high, kind in harness, and very fast. He has never been trained, but can do his mile in 3.05. Also a BAY MARE, 6 years old, a beautiful creature, perfectly sound; she is handsome and very fast. The gelding may be seen for a few days at Bellows Stables, No. 22 Leonard-street, near Hudson, and the mare may be seen at the owner's residence in Newburg. Both will be sold at a bargain, if applied for immediately. Application may be made to the Editor of this paper, 157 Broadway. [o28]

THE BEACON COURSE.
OPPOSITE THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

THIS New Course is so far completed as to justify the certain expectation that a meeting will take place this Fall—the First Tuesday in November next—being the week succeeding the meeting on the Union Course, Long Island.

This beautiful course is in sight of Broadway, and the splendid view from Bergen Heights, on which it is situated, will alone repay a visit. The view from the Stand erected for spectators will rival in prospect the far-famed West Point. The fixtures, when entirely completed, in comfort and splendor, will not be surpassed by any similar establishment in the Union.

The actual expense of getting *to* the course need be but the price of ferriage (6d.) as the walk is a pleasant one to the course.

As a misunderstanding has prevailed very generally in regard to members of the Union Club (many supposing erroneously that unless present and attending they were not bound to pay Club money), there will be no Club at the Beacon Course. Any person belonging to a regular organized Club in the United States, or introduced by such, can procure a ticket for the meeting, which will entitle them to the privilege of the enclosed space, Ladies' Stand, Club Stand, and free admission to any part of the Course for that meeting.

The Regulations of the Union Club as now existing to govern in racing and betting on the Beacon Course, and all differences of opinion to be decided by the Judges of the day.

The purses to be run for will be as liberal as the success of this new course shall warrant, which must mainly depend on the number of those procuring tickets of admission for the week.

For such gentlemen as may not wish to avail themselves of the privileges for the week ample and comfortable accommodations will be furnished at a price commensurate; and for those wishing still cheaper enjoyment these hard times, a second story has been erected for spectators.

Owing to the locality of this Course, from the time of leaving the city to their return, none can present the same facilities, both as to cheapness and expedition.

Another great advantage is here presented that races may take place at a later hour in the day, and in the afternoon, thus giving an opportunity to those fond of the sports of the turf to enjoy the recreation after business is concluded.

The *interior* of the course must of necessity this Fall be rough and unsightly, which will be remedied by the First Spring meeting.

Stables in the neighborhood and at Hoboken, will for this meeting be provided for the race horses attending.

The following purses will be given this meeting:—

FIRST DAY, Tuesday, Nov. 7.

Sweepstakes now open for 3 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, Two mile heats. To close 30th October.

Same Day—Sweepstakes now open for 3 year olds, sub. $200, ft. $50, Mile heats. To close 30th October.

Same Day—Purse $100, entrance money to be added to the purse, free for all ages, Mile heats.

SECOND DAY—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Same Day—A Service of Plate, for a Single Two miles, entrance money depending on the amount of subscription, the winner to take money or plate.

Same Day—Purse $100, entrance money to be added to the purse; free for all ages; Mile heats.

THIRD DAY—Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Same Day—A Sweepstakes now open for 4 year olds and under, sub. $100, and $200 added—to close the evening before the race.

Same Day—Purse $100, entrance money to be added to the purse; free for all ages; Mile heats.

FOURTH DAY—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Same Day—Purse $100, entrance money added to the purse; free for all ages; Mile heats.

New York, Oct. 1837. [o21] ALEX. L. BOTTS, Beacon Course.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, on Friday, the 17th day of November, at Trenton, N. J., the following Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—POWHATTAN, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 2.—DASHALL, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey. A colt of his get, *Henry A. Wise*, was winner of two out of three sweepstakes which he ran for last Spring, and is matched against the celebrated grey filly *Gift*, for $5000 a-side, to come off at the second Fall meeting of the Union Club. He is also the sire of Mr. J. C. Stevens' filly *Ethiopia*, winner of a match at the late Long Island meeting, and of a colt which has ran with great distinction at the West, owned by Mr. John Frost, and of several other good ones. His colts are remarkable for size and bone, as well as action.

Horses in Training.

No. 3.—MIDDLESEX, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castenira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 4.—BERGEN, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 5.—Imported b. h. JOHN BULL, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 6.—Ch. c. SOMERSET, foaled 1831, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 7.—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835.

No. 8.—B. f. MARGARET, by Dashall, out of Monmouth's dam.

Brood Mares.

No. 9.—Chesnut mare POWANCEY, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castenira, the dam of Sir Archy, with a filly foal at foot by Trustee, and stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.

No. 10.—Gray mare BIANCA, by Medley, out of Powancey, with a colt at her foot by Trustee, and stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.

No. 11.—Chesnut mare YOUNG NETTLETOP, the dam of Monmouth, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361,—with a colt at her foot, by Trustee, and stinted to Dashall.

No. 12.—Gray mare HELEN, by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, by Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub, and stinted to Dashall.

No. 13.—Bay mare AMELIA, by Lance, out of Monmouth's dam. Stinted to Imp. John Bull.

Terms will be liberal. [o21]

DOYLE AND MAY

DEALERS in American and English Crown Window Glass.
sr23t No. 3 Carondelet street New Orleans.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE SECOND FALL MEETING over the Union Course, Long Island, will commence the last Tuesday in October, 31st inst., and continue four days.

FIRST DAY—Match, Mile heats, for $5000 a-side, h. ft., between the Virginia filly, *Gift*, by Grey-beard, and the Maryland colt *Henry A. Wise*, by Dashall, both 3 years old.

Same Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

R. L. Stevens names *Antoinette*, by Nullifier, out of Polly Hopkins.
" " " s. c. by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh.
H. Wilkes names Mr. Newbold's Imp. b. f. by Mulatto.
O. P. Hare, of Virginia, names b. c. *Champaign*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy.

SECOND DAY—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Same Day—Match, Two mile heats, for $2000 a-side, $500 ft., between the *brother to Post Boy*, and the *brother to Coronet*.

THIRD DAY—A handsome Service of Plate, amount of entrance depending on the number of subs.; the winner to take the money or plate at his option. Two mile heats.

Same Day—A Purse for Mile heats.

FOURTH DAY—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Same Day—Purse for Mile heats.

A large number of Southern horses are expected at the meeting.

ALEXANDER L. BOTTS,
New York, Oct. 17, 1837. [o21] DAVID H. BRANCH.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE following Sweepstakes are open to come off during the first week in November next over this course.

Sweepstakes, Three mile heats, under the Saddle, free for all Trotting horses, sub. $100 each, h. ft., to which the Proprietor will add $100, if two start. Three or more to make at race.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, under the Saddle, free for horses that never won a purse of $100; sub. $50 each, h. ft., to which the proprietor will add $50 if two start. Three or more to make a race.

Both of these stakes will close on the 19th of Oct. (being the last day of the Fall meeting) at the Course. Nominations to be made by letter, addressed to the subscriber, and deposited by 5 o'clock in a box prepared for that purpose.

Centreville, L. I., Oct 7, 1837. JOEL CONKLIN, *Proprietor*.

SWEEPSTAKES—NASHVILLE, Tenn.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race, Two mile heats, sub. $100, p.p., over the Nashville, Tenn. Course, in the Fall of 1839, on the Monday preceding the regular Club Races, over the said course, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; to be subject to Rules and Regulations of said course. Now closed.

Arnold Russell names b. c. John Pleasants, by Old Rattler, out of Arimanta by Jerry.
Wm. G. Harding names b. c. Alpha, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet by Kosciusko.
Thos. Gale names b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Andrew Jackson.
Charles Bossley names gr. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard.
Wilson & Nichol names gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Pacific.
Stokeley Donelson names Lily, by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, on the Monday of the week of the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, Two mile heats, sub. $500, ft. $200, for colts and fillies then 3 years old. The Rules of said Jockey Club to govern. To name and close on or by the 15th Oct. 1837. Three or more to make a race. The winner to give a piece of plate valued at $1000, for another race; the time and the distance to be decided by a majority of the undersigned, the entrance to which will be $100, p.p., to form a purse for the second best in the race.

Hugh Kirkman names b. c. Onalaska, by Imp. Leviathan, own brother to Wacousta.
L. P. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Proserpine's dam.
Henry Baldwin, jun. names b. c. Edinborough, by Imp. Luzborough, d. Betsey Bateman.
Wm. W. Gift names s. c. George Poindexter, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie.
D. Hardiman names gr. f. by O'Kelly, out of Shawnee Squaw by Shawnee.
A. J. Donelson names ch. c. by Membrino, out of Bellessima by Imp. Strap.
John S. Bryant names s. f. Corolet, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab.
Head & Wooden names s. c. by Old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson.
G. W. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles.
N. Davis names b. c. Bissextile, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover.
Samuel Ragland names ——.
Livingston Leavell names s. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger.

CRITERION STAKES.—We, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, for 4 year olds the Spring of 1841. Four mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250, 6 or more to make a race. Each gentleman entering to name the color of the colt or filly, and likewise the sire and dam. The race to be run on the 3d Wednesday in May, 1841; the present Rules of said course to govern, and the entries to close on the 1st July, 1838. If man or horse die, he is exempt from the above obligation.

Henry A. Clay names ch. f. by Imp. Margrave, out of Lady Alert.
L. P. Cheatham names ch. c. by Imp. Merman, out of Kitty Ann by Ogle's Oscar.
John Radick names br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Anna Maria by Imp. Truffle.
Balie Peyton names ——.
A. Russell names ——.
Thomas Kirkman names b. f. Sissy, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gutty.
Head & Wooden names s. c. Outrage, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mons. Tonson.
George Elliott names ——.
Hugh Kirkman names ——.
Alexander Barrow names ——.
Samuel Ragland names ——. [o21]

WOODWORTH BENEFIT.

THE Box-plan, at the request of the Committee, for the benefit of Mr. Woodworth, is now open at the office of the New York Mirror, where seats may be secured. [o21]

FOSTER'S REPRINTS OF ENGLISH PERIODICALS.—Subscribers to these works, consisting of the Quarterly Review, the Edinburgh Review, the Foreign Quarterly Review, the London and Westminster Review, and Blackwood's, Edinburgh, and the Metropolitan Magazines, are respectfully notified that these esteemed works are now published by the subscriber to the latest period received—the Reviews including the July numbers published in London in August, and the Magazines to September, inclusive, received on the 6th instant, per the packet ship England.

[o21-3t] WILLIAM LEWER, corner of Broadway and Pine-st.

A CARD.

GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.—W. Fuller respectfully informs his friends, pupils, and the public, that he has been induced to fit up the upper story of front building No. 29 Ann Street, as a branch of 205 Greene Street.

Fencing and Sparring taught at both establishments. [o21-4t]

DUBUFE'S PAINTINGS.

NOW OPEN FOR EXHIBITION, at the LATE WASHINGTON DIVAN, No. 157 Broadway, two magnificent Paintings, (just arrived from Paris) by the celebrated *Dubufe*, the painter of the much admired pictures of *Adam and Eve*, and a distinguished pupil of *David*, whose modern style bids fair to rival the renowned ancient Artists. To the admirers of the Fine Arts, these paintings offer a treat not surpassed by any thing which has before been exhibited in this country.

One of the paintings, covering 175 feet of canvass, represents a thrilling scene, from Byron's Don Juan, (4th Canto 37th Stanza,) between JUAN, HAIDEE and LAMBRO; and the various passions with which they are agitated, allowing full scope to the pencil of a Master, are most vividly depicted.

The other of smaller dimensions, although nearly as large as life represents St. JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS sipping the pure stream gushing from a rock, is in the true style of DAVID, and a most finished painting.

Hours of exhibition from 9 in the morning untill 10 at night. Admittance 25 cents. Season Tickets 50 cents.

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

THE Club Boat FAIRY, 28 feet long, with oars, cushions, &c. &c., complete, is offered for sale. She is the fastest boat of her length in New York, having beaten the *American*, and won the great match on the 2d inst. against the *Brooklyn*, for $1000 a-side. Apply to

[o14-3t] PHILIP BRASHER, 55 Pine-street.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,
The Largest and Cheapest Publication in the United States,
NOW PUBLISHING IN MONTHLY NUMBERS,
EDITED BY WILLIAM E. BURTON, PHILADELPHIA.

THE proprietors have much pleasure in announcing to the reading public the complete success which has attended the establishment of this Magazine—a success far beyond their utmost expectations, and considerably exceeding the prosperity of any other publication in America. The daily increasing subscription list, and the numerous commendatory notices of the Press, attest the merits and the popularity of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, each number of which contains *more Original Matter than any other Monthly Publication in the United States.*

The Contents embrace a fertile range of Amusing and Instructive Subjects, by authors of celebrity:—

Original Tales of Powerful Interest.
Humorous and Graphic Delineations of Men and Manners.
Novel Sketches of Foreign Lands; Poetry; Characteristic Studies; Essays on Popular Subjects, and Biographical notices of Celebrated or Eccentric Persons: with many Original Anecdotes.

The Lives of Paganini (with likenesses); Prince Puckler Muskau; Dickens, (Boz), the author of the Pickwick Papers, with a likeness; Dr. John Faust, the Sorcerer; The Duchess of St. Albans, and Zingha, the Negro Queen, have already been given.

The New Publications are reviewed in full; liberal extracts are made from rare and valuable works—presenting a complete account of the Popular *Literature of the Day.*

An Original Copyright Song, not otherwise to be obtained, will be given, with the Music, every Number.

The Gentleman's Magazine contains Seventy-two extra-sized Octavo pages, of two columns each, forming at the close of the year, *Two Large Volumes of One Thousand Seven Hundred and Twenty-eight Columns—each Column contains more than an Octavo Page of average proportion, and each Monthly Number has more reading matter than a Volume of a Novel.* The work is neatly printed, on good paper, and stitched in a neat colored cover. Several Engravings will be given in the course of the year, and the proprietors pledge themselves to produce an agreeable book—an epitome of Life's adjunctives—a Literary Melange, possessing variety to suit all palates, and sufficient interest to command a place upon the parlor table of every Gentleman in the United States.

An Engraved Title Page, of superior production, embracing every possible variety of Pictorial Display, and executed in the first style of art, by J. A. Adams, of New York, accompanies the October Number.

TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance.

To induce subscribers to forward their names immediately, the publisher begs leave to offer the following extra inducements for Clubbing, the advantages of which proposition can only remain in force till Christmas next. The subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine will, for a single copy, be invariably Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance—but a Five Dollar Bill will produce Two Copies to the same direction, or a Club of Ten Dollars will command Five Copies. [o14]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE
SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.
WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance.	$5 00
For Six Months Subscription, in advance.	2 50
The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed:—	
For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *in the paper*.	$5 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*.	1 00

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

E. L. GARVIN, Printer.

Spirit of ...

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YO...

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Friend of the Bowery Theatre" has not to assure us that DINNEFORD's assignees have nearly ruined that valuable property. We have been aware of the fact for some time past. One of them, when sober, is an apology for a gentleman; as to the other two, so far as our experience goes, they make no pretensions to that character. The result of their joint mismanagement is, that Dinneford has not only lost a majority of his patrons, but most of his personal friends. Heaven send him a safe deliverance from such a trio.

The Secretary's report of the Lexington races is received, and will appear next week, it being more full than the one in to day's paper.

Three or four race meetings in the Old Dominion have come off recently, of which we have had no report. The owners of the winning horses must not complain if they are omitted in our *Annual Lists of Winners* at the end of the year. Give your Secretaries a hint, gentlemen.

WILLIAMSON, of the Bowery, did not get up the new spectacle at that theatre, as we are officially informed. After what has occurred, Mr. W. will see the propriety of establishing the truth of his statement to us beyond cavil. We shall expect to hear from him forthwith.

P. W., Esq. is informed that the exchange of stock proposed by him for *Admiral*, cannot be entertained, the only inducement of the owner to dispose of him being to rid himself of the cares attendant upon a stable of thorough-breds.

MISS CLIFTON will *not* visit Richmond until after the termination of her Philadelphia engagement—if then. She opens at Mr. CALDWELL's St. Charles theatre, New Orleans, on the 21st Dec.

Five hundred dollars a-side has been laid that Twenty Miles have been trotted within the Hour! Is there such an achievement on record, as having been performed either in this country or Great Britain? We shall be glad to receive any information on the subject.

CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* AMERICAN WINNING HORSES, FOUR MILE HEATS, during the year 1836—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc., and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence*.

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses*, THREE *Mile Heats*, with a great variety of Sporting and Theatrical Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Bascombe, Post Boy, Mingo, Rodolph*, and *Linnet*, with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—(consisting of 123 of the most distinguished)—with several communications from Breeders and Turfmen in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1836, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

The *Ninth* number (April 15th) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses, Two Mile Heats*.

The *Twentieth* number (July 1), contained an Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses* of 1836, at *Mile Heats*, with a variety of Statistics of the Turf.

☞ Back numbers from the commencement of the present volume, will be furnished to new subscribers if desired. Files will also be preserved at the office for binding, at the expiration of the year, for such gentlemen as wish it.

Things Theatrical.

We know of few more exhilirating sensations than are created by the presence of beauty and fashion in a well filled theatre; it vivifies every sentiment of refinement, and so awakens our susceptibility to enjoyment, that we become impatient to partake of the anticipated pleasure, and award in advance our applause to the artist who proffers to indulge us in a favorite recreation. Such were the lively feelings pervading the brilliant audience at the Park on Monday; every face was wreathed with smiles, and expectation was on tiptoe to welcome back to this temple the too long neglected and the favorite art of every civilized nation in Christendom. It was to such an assemblage that Madame CARADORI made her debut, and so intense and continued was the ringing welcome, that some minutes elapsed before an opportunity was given her to utter a syllable; but meanwhile it elicited evidences from her of deep sensibility and modesty, which were by no means disadvantageous to the triumph she was about to achieve. Although nigh overmastered by agitation, and actually pallid, trembling with apprehension, her sweet, reedy tones soon found utterance, and swelling in volume as she proceeded, at length burst forth in all the simple majesty of harmonious music. The effect was electrical—the victory was hers, and the fair stranger tranquilized her affrighted senses amid the acclamations of a delighted audience.

We have dwelt a moment on this interesting scene, partly for its intrinsic beauty, but chiefly for its novelty as contrasted with that brazen self-possession for which it has latterly become fashionable to applaud those females who have appeared in our theatres. How little do they or their silly friends know of the charm which instantly attaches to her who evidences by the confusion and embarrassment of the moment the innate modesty of her nature, and her susceptibility to impressions which none can or should wish to suppress except the grossly hardened or the guilty.

The "*Barber of Seville*" was the opera of the evening, and seldom have the oldest admirers of its brilliant music been more enchanted than by the execution of that portion which devolves upon *Rosina*. Our expectations had been wound to the highest pitch, but they were more than realized by the surpassing skill and taste discovered by the debutante. Her style is infinitely superior to FANTI's, though the old patrons of the Italian Opera allege that she lacks the latter's spirit and expression. She has all Mrs. WOOD's sweetness of tone, without her volume and power; Mrs. W. gave us such a redundancy of ornament as frequently to destroy the effect of a fine passage, while Madame Caradori gives the music as it is set down for her, trusting to her exquisite and natural melody of voice to produce the desired effect. The most difficult and trying passages appear to cost her no more exertion than the warbling of a bird; and you become so entranced with her soft and liquid cadences as to forget Madame Caradori in *Rosina*, and shout *encore!* as if you were obliging her by permitting her to repeat what seems to afford her such unmixed delight. A more successful first appearance has not been made on the boards of Old Drury for many years, and we have no hesitation in predicting for her in this country the proudest and most brilliant success. At the fall of the curtain she was called for with enthusiasm; Mr. RITCHINGS soon led her forward, and she curtsied her acknowledgments and retired amidst every demonstration of pleasure and regard.

The WOODWORTH Benefit at the National went off finely. The receipts were above $3000.

Amongst the *on dits* in the histrionic world we take great pleasure in noticing another star in the literary hemisphere, in the person of our lovely young countrywoman, Miss CHARLOTTE BARNES. We understand that a new tragedy called "*Octavia Bragaldi*, or the confession," will be brought forward for the first time at the National Theatre on Thursday next, for our old favorite BARNES' *Benefit*. A gentleman of great literary fame pronounces it to be a masterly production, replete with highly wrought incidents, and possessing fine poetic passages.

"THE APOLLO."—Under this name, Signor BRIGALDI, formerly attached to the Italian Opera establishment in this city, (and a memento of whose skill is witnessed nightly in the act-drop of the National theatre,) will soon open the saloon lately occupied by the *Broadway theatre* at Euterpean Hall, in order to develop the capabilities and *histrionic powers* of a set of automatons:—The French "Marionnettes" and Italian "Fantoccini."

These miniatures of humanity will act plays, and perform operas and ballets, in a manner which will quite astound even the mechanical genius of the Yankees. Their own powers of attraction will be sustained by a rich and magnificent wardrobe, and a very superior orchestra; while the decorations of the house will surpass in splendor anything we have yet seen. The front will be embellished with three beautiful statues,—"APOLLO" in the centre, and Tragedy and Comedy on either side; so that there will be no danger of the house being mistaken for a church, an event which the indefinite architecture of some of our other